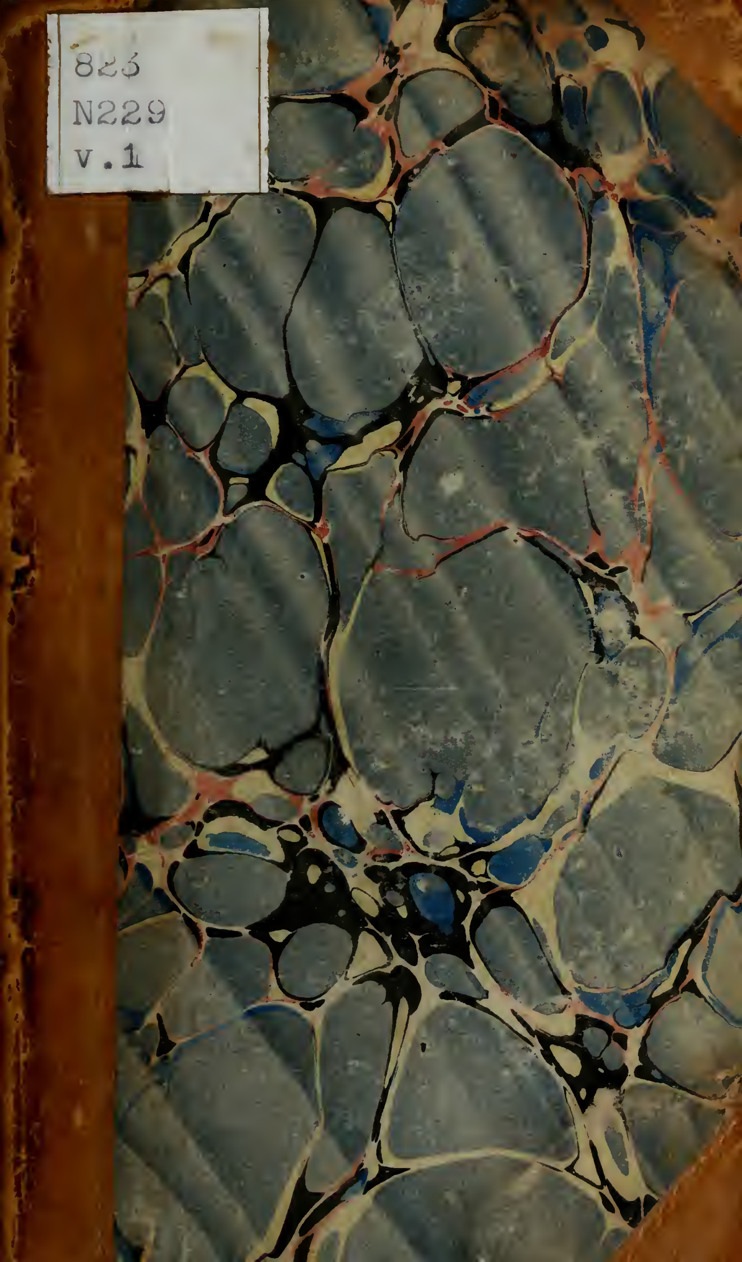

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THE

J. P. Collier

NAVY "AT HOME."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

WILLIAM MARSH, 145, OXFORD STREET.

1831.

LONDON:
Printed by W. GLINDON, 51, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

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TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

SIRE,

In dedicating these volumes to you, I am induced to hope they will meet with indulgence from your Majesty, as the head of the sea-service, in which you bore so distinguished a part, rather than as the sovereign of a great empire, whose cares and duties leave few moments for the perusal of such trifles as this, you have been graciously pleased to permit me to offer you. In common, however, with the humblest of your Majesty's subjects, a share of that kindness and condescension, for which your Majesty is so much beloved and revered by the whole empire, will not, I am confident, be withheld from your Majesty's

Dutiful and devoted subject,

THE AUTHOR.

Jan. 1831.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE innumerable publications sent forth to *amuse* the "*light reading*" world, would almost make one despair of saying anything absolutely new—*Sailors* too, have stepped forward, and have had the advantage at least, of having got the start of me—but, the world is all before us, in inexhaustible variety!

I have tried to avoid *ill-nature*, *dullness*, and *affectation*, and have followed *nature* as closely as I could—the hundred defects which *may* be found, and which I am not blind to, I freely give up to those *moles* in literature (in and out of the *trade*), who are inclined to nibble—those, in short, who cannot laugh *with me*, nor feel touched where *I have been*, may throw the book down, and call me blockhead; from such minds I covet no higher estimation; for "*I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew*," than but aspire to the level of those (successful!) *Novel*-mongers, now-a-days, who, in good sooth, "imitate God's creatures so abominably."

One word to those *good sort of people*, who will not suffer even our immortal Bard within their doors, till "robbed of his fair proportions," and yet take their wives and daughters to the *Beggar's Opera!* and read with avidity throughout their families, malicious scandal, and the most indelicate and indecent things, in certain daily and weekly papers, as a matter of course!

Such squinting saints more move one's pity than anger—I pray heaven (O! for a miracle!) to lessen their imbecility and encrease their charity, so will they add to the store of innocent amusements within their reach in this world.

THE AUTHOR.

Baker Street, *Portman Square*,
November, 1830.

THE SHIPWRECK
OF
LIEUTENANT HAWSER
AND HIS
MESSMATES:

Who were unhappily *cast away* and near losing their lives in the year 1830, in the shallow, foggy, and windy latitude of the modern Babylon, on the shoals and small fry fisheries of Albemarle and Burlington Streets, at the entrance to the great Publishers, or Puff Passage, between Blockhead Point and Silly Race.

A Prefaratory Metaphorical Fragment, to throw a Light on the Obscurity of this Work.

AS this sad catastrophe will not be clearly made out in the course of this work, and may appear a mystification, or mystery, not easily unriddled, we here give the unvarnished account of the transaction, with the wonders witnessed, as it was told to the editor, (who leaves it to the *profound*) on their forlorn appearance on *the Town* shortly after, when they were enabled to appeal to the bosoms of the sensible and *humane*, though in a very limited circle—it ran thus:—That hearing before they sailed, of two great *Scotch manufacturers* of a certain staple commodity, who had established gigantic windmills for the grinding down and necessary inflation of the raw material, which was bought up wholesale at their warehouses, on the banks of the said Puff passage, and of their having engrossed nearly the whole market, by reason of their great wealth, and caring very little for the original quality, which was soon confounded, good or bad, by their inflating leaden engines after being ground down; the said owner incautiously embarked his venture in the good ship *Simplicity*.

The cargo was tolerably common-place, and so far calculated for the market; but he had, by way of preserving it for a few years, sprinkled it over with a little *salt*, and a certain *strong*, *sweet*, distilled liquor, to infuse *vigour* and *freshness* through it, only known to our forefathers, but inadmissible in the said warehouses, and totally out of the line of the said *dealers*, who indeed considered it contraband.

That, ignorant of this fatal clause, or fact, they were turning in through the *narrows*, when they found their vessel's way impeded by vast shoals of ground sharks and mud larks! flat fish and cat fish, tadpoles and crabs, that frisked beneath the troubled surface of these shoals, which, strange to say, seemed set in motion by a sort of subaqueous or sub-mudanean blast, from the lower tunnels of the windmills close by; that however, in spite of these obstacles, on nearing the passage, several pilots fantastically dressed, with each a bladder tied round their necks (supposed to keep them from sinking at the time) with very pudding faced aspects, and squinting with a fearful obliquity of vision, came on board.

From their dress and frisky jauntiness of carriage, it was impossible to make them out at first sight, to be old women; but so it turned out; no sooner had they squinted round and under hatches, than they first looked knowing at each other, and winked hard, then shook their heads very ominously, and asked what strange ingredient had been thrown on the goods, which were, they affirmed, not saleable! pointing at the same time to hundreds of small craft (they had seen safe in,) unloading their cargoes of stuffs and crudities of every shape and shade—all equally tasteless and *welcome*, as would have been this load, but for the fatal infusion before mentioned—the owner begged hard of their worships not to mention it to the *supervisors* at the great warehouses, and that as it was but sparingly used, on account of its extreme rarity, he hoped it would escape detection.

As these pilots were desperately civil, they undertook at length to amuse the owner and his men, and *tacked* him about under various *false* pretences for *three months!* at the end of which time they left him *hard* and *fast* on obscurity *rock*, and hastened on board some flat heavy Dutch small craft, who were laden with cargoes of amphibious animalculæ and maggots, mixed up with Dutch cheeses rather new, but quite marketable, and the whole sprinkled with common vinegar (which was allowed to all the traders, in order to preserve their cargoes during the summer months), these insignificant bum-boats were soon taken in safe, round Blockhead Point, and moored at the M— and C— wharfs.

The *Simplicity* shortly after bilged, and some of the traders even came off to steal bits of the cargo that escaped the fish in the mud—hoping to conceal the offensive essential oil, by mixing it with their own insipid wares; which perfectly succeeded as it became instantly without taste and wholly neutralized: meantime the wrecked mariners, half naked, but naturally vigorous, saved themselves in the *cutter*, together with a bale or two of the cargo, hoping to smuggle it among the natives, though not likely to be relished by the multitude; so great was the appetite, far and near, for the prepared and inflated mixtures from the great windmills and depôts, towards which, they now directed their steps; thinking it just possible the pilots had deceived them, and that they might, at any rate, have the advantage of *grinding down*, *inflation*, and *distribution*, through the great merchants windmills and tunnels, instead of begging barefoot with it, as it was, from door to door.

As they approached, they could not but admire the stupendous edifice, and the consummate art of the various contrivances—where, by the evolutions of the *wind*mills, was at once ground down, inflated, and stamped, thousands of tons of the mixed *paper* food, and shot through tubes in a twinkling, to the furthest shores, with each package, an inflated bladder attached to it—which was said to be its *warrant* of excellence, and without which, the inhabitants never touched any thing of the sort.

On the other hand, they could not but gaze in wonder at the enormous distinguishing pennants, and gay gaudy flags, that fluttered in the wind, of the musquito fleet, lashed to the wharfs and the incalculable numbers of the owners that were seen loaded with their goods on their backs, advancing in crowds to the mills and warehouses; all singing and chattering in the gayest mood imaginable—several had little puffed bladders hanging at their backs, of which they seemed very proud— disdaining to look on any thing but their *own* packages, which, each hugged with the most ineffable self complacency—from what the sailors saw, they judged the ground of all their heterogeneous stuffs, to be *wool gathered;* in an infinite variety of flaring or sombre patterns, interwoven with pretty conceits on black grounds, (for the groundlings) while others again, could hardly stagger under the weight of their bales, as if heavy as lead, and it was impossible to ascertain what it was—as they ascended to the hoppers of the mills, whose powers were so marvellous, they were met by certain *judges* and *superiors* of the puffing, in the pay of the great principals—who kindly helped them to unload this vast variety of matter and stuffs, before it was committed to the action of the mill stones—which would quickly reduce this infinite variety of nourishment (some fit for the patience of a Dutch boor, while others appeared not of a nature as we have said, to be swallowed by any effort of *patience*, and enough to choke a horse)—into one innoxious *heavy* paste; and though well confused and mixed, yet to preserve its identity, even after the finishing inflation, was truly miraculous!—and the sailors pressed on to see the working of the machine—immense vaults and halls, far as the eye could reach, were beheld filled, to the roof with piles of prepared food for the public, with their bladders attached and labelled—while the noise of the mills, which never ceased, almost stunned them, and the puffs and gusts that escaped in spite of the greatest care, out of the infinity of tubes that filled immense reserve balloons, confounded them; while these again were drawn off by other sets of industrious labourers, into bladders; as we draw off small beer; despite the care which these puffs were bottled up, yet this wind escaped, and filled the place with a sort of narcotic vapour, which mixing with the piles of prepared paste, on every side, produced, on the sailors, an unconquerable drowsiness and yawning! In a vast recess to the right, sat, or rather reclined in a sort of dull dose, the presiding *genii*, or Traders Magnifico! They seemèd swelled to an unnatural size, and bloated by wind and repletion—*both* half blind from the dust, thrown in their eyes, and worn out with noise, clamour, and business; every now and then they were roused up, when their eyeballs glared about in a sort of blank speculation, as their supervisors, gently taking them by the nose, whispered in their ears, (which were of prodigious length) the peculiar shades of quality, of the new arrivals of goods for the mill.—The appearance of these supervisors, or beadles, who seemed to direct all the operations, was something fanciful and comic, and their look (as they all squinted at an obtuse angle) was not ungermain to the old women pilots that left the *Simplicity* in the *lurch*—their dress too, equally frivolous and gaudy; and, in addition to a peacock's plume stuck behind their ears, which tickled their noses, they wore an enormous goosequill, by way of sword, which trained along the ground, like a dragoon's—each, too, was hung round with several inflated bladders (from their own manufactory) filled with bits of tin and tinsel, which gingled as they jumped about, and welcomed, or introduced, the traders to their two masters—and took their stuffs from them to throw into the hoppers of the mill.—This done, the welcome traders filed off to a string of clerks, who settled with them for the raw material, and arranged the prices and toll for it, when it should come out solid dough, or food—to be inflated (to *rise per se* was hopeless) and transmitted all over the land. These clerks were all seated close to the magnificoes, their masters; and here the various dealers made their bow at a kind of levée; shook hands, embraced, and beslobbered each other; exchanging bladders, as a token of esteem, and vowing an eternal union, one and undivisible!—subscribing, at the same time, a sort of Lloyd's insurance, against the possibility of the loss of any one of their cargoes! This mutual *assurance* was solemnly signed by both the magnificoes, who were nudged at the elbow by the supervisors for that important purpose, they being the chief underwriters.

While this scene was going on in the great audience hall, the mariners, curious to see the details of composition below, and preparation from the dough; preparing in visible obscurity, stepped into the dark abodes underground—when they beheld a hundred small traders receiving their *own* identical ground stuff, and each taking it to his peculiar cell, or trough, for its last finish; by mixing it with little maggots which they picked out of their own heads, and which at first, these simple spectators thought an odd taste! taking these little vermin, as they poked them in and mixed them up, for a familiar sort well known in the heads of children and the vulgar—some of their heads were astonishingly prolific—and by the help of a pocket glass or microscope, the sailors made out their names, (not that horrid one of *l——e*); which, on their mixing with the denser matter, appeared *visible*, very much altering the consistency of the mass according to their numbers or proportions—some of the names ran thus—*milk and water, (true no meaning)—forcemeat bathos balls,—affectation dust,—la-*

chrymose common place,—strained incidents,—lame conclusions,—worn-out pun peal,—namby-pamby twaddle,—indecent scandal,—fashionable tact borrowed,—flat small beer, terrible and disgusting,—aped misanthropy,—affected candour,—flimsy, frippery, prettiness of conceit,—(these little beasts were the hardest to catch)—insipid perfection,—stupidity,—cheese parings of vogue,—small gentility,—servile imitation, petty smartness,—lifeless beauty, intolerance and envy!——such were some of the marks these maggots left imprinted on the goods, as they were wriggled into the grosser mass, like plums, and became incorporate—but as these traders worked in an obscure light, where the broad and shining rays of the sun never penetrated, or lit on their sculls, while they were hunting and picking out their different maggots, the sailors were convinced many worms escaped their notice, of the same stamp.

They returned once more to the hall, and foolishly offered their package of wares to the supervisors, seeing there was no chance of profit, or even *existence*, without their help—but no sooner had their worships cast their eyes on it—than they turned up their noses, sneezed thrice, shook their heads, and turned away—at length, by humble entreaty, they condescended to advance with it to the magnificoes, and whispering in their ears, held the goods before their sleepy visions—on which they both suddenly started, frowned, and in a simultaneous disdainful and heavy toss of their heads, unhappily knocked them against each other! One went off in a fit—while the other, goggling like an owl, scowled the instant dismissal of the intruding, friendless wretches—gathering up their only hope, they gained the light of heaven once more—and breathed a natural and vivifying air—the world was all before them—and they determined to travel slowly over the kingdom, in the hope of finding, *here and there*, a sensible, unaffected, and natural being, to take pity on them—though they knew that what they had to offer was of little value—and that the market for that species of ware, or food, was already glutted—and the provision of the magnifico just left, crammed down the throats of His Majesty's lieges far and near—the great body of the nation, having *got used to it*, and having no taste or knowledge of or for any other, relished it greatly—and bolted down the fresh supplies, with increased appetites—a few, indeed, made wry faces—owing to having been in the woods and fields, and running about too much, looking at *nature* and the *sun*—a foolish trick — while a still fewer loathed their food, and grew sick, after a mouthful or two—but nobody minded them. At length the poor sailors regained the open country, somewhere near the hills of Harrow or Hampstead—and breathing in a fresher and clearer air, thanked God for having delivered them from the somniferous fogs that hang over the busy race below.—They were *sane*, gay, and vigorous, and the world was all before them—they disliked the idea of *begging*, and, but for the distance, so far *North*, would have claimed the assistance of one of the only *two* geniuses alive—the *other* living in a *cottage* in the *west*, was himself poor, and had given some signs of late of an uncharitable cast—all things considered, they were " puzzled in the extreme," when, as they gained the high road * * * * * * * * * *

ERRATA.

Page	Line	
123	2	for *piece or* read *piece of*
124	20	for *two* read *too*
211	18	for *Euphemia* read *Euphemie*
216	20	for *m'ennui* read *m'ennuie.*

THE NAVY "AT HOME."

CHAPTER I.

In which young Hawser is introduced to the Sea: with some Account of himself, his Family, and of his Messmates.

IT was one of those days expressly calculated to put a jolly tar's slender stock of philosophy to the proof, and in which he swears an extra prayer or two, in benediction of the fat-faced Æolus puffing the lowering clouds with cutting force, and driving the fast falling snow in his phiz—in the month of December, towards the beginning of this our enlightened century, that the gallant and fast sailing frigate, the Apollo, lay pitching (with a gentle roll) at her anchors at *Spithead*—all was snug on board—the decks, in spite of the weather, had been long since washed white and clean as a "*hound's tooth*;" and "*swabbed*," had they been, dry—but the said snow had rendered Jack's efforts in this way provokingly useless; yet still he swore and swabbed, as in duty bound.

It was now something past eight o'clock, the hammocks *piped up*, and the *yards squared*, and many a thrilling pipe (headed by the boatswain, and pursued through three pair of as strong lungs as had that *buffer* himself to boast of) kindly consigned the whole ship's company, with their affectionate Polls and Salls, to the 'twixt decks to their breakfasts: great was the coil of steam issuing from the passing *kids* (buckets) filled with scalding water, under which liquid suffused a portion of good strong bohea.—And O! ye rosy and lovely nymphs, who at that instant (or an hour later) the loves and graces had decked from your soft pillows, and led to luxurious parlours, where a more refined concoction of hyson, gunpowder, or pekoe, poured from ten thousand silver tea-pots regaled ye, do not—do not, sweet girls, despise poor Jack's more homely method of brewing this kindly beverage, albeit, dulcified with the commonest brown sugar, and innocent of milk, new or old, is yet no contemptible comforter of the stomach.

Now had the first lieutenant, with majestic stride (the captain on shore) and thoughtful brow, given certain orders to the mate of the watch, and disappeared down the after-ladder on the same errand with the tars forward, namely to eat his breakfast, when the fresh beef cutter, after buffeting with lusty oar the chopping swell for more than an hour, with many oaths, and many a "give way my lads"—"that's it"—"stick to her"—"easy the larboard oars" from the midshipman in command of her, nearly reached the longed-for haven, the gangway—and no less longed for by those on board, let us add, since with sundry quarters of beef, her cargo and vegetables, she stowed away a certain quantity of new baked bread or soft *Tommy*, and new milk, food for the gods alone, and which important supply good mother Half-Ton in her bum-boat had not been able to reach the ship with, in consequence of the roughness of the day,—while Jack waits on the gangway hammocks, with a rope in his hand, coiled ready to fling for their aid; let us descend an instant below hatches and take a peep at the midshipman's birth—where on the larboard side (anglice the left) something obscured, by a doubtful daylight making its way through the skuttle, or small window, (four inches by twelve), pierced in the tough side of Apollo, and eked out with a *purser's glim* or farthing rush-light, which glimmered in the centre of a long table, sat fifteen of as jolly and handsome fellows (one or two excepted) as all the world could produce at one board, and perhaps no spot of earth but this our isle could, take them all in all, turn out, in all the flush of high health,—high youth —blessed ignorance—and its concomitant conceit.

This goodly assembly were headed by a portly personage, yclept a master's mate, and raised to the dignity of *caterer;* he had the advantage of all the rest in at least some twenty years of age, and an additional fathom of waist in circumference, supposed to have been engendered, spite of an active life, by an excessive stupidity and joviality, of which indeed his face gave assurance, from its likeness to the full moon, as painted by our most approved sign painters; if indeed an uncommon quantity of rum had any share in it (as he took his full whack of the shares of all the youngsters, to his own peculiar care), we should not wonder, but we will not trench on the dignity of this our history, by suppositions, which might, by possibility, be injurious to a very worthy fellow in the main, and then known to his messmates, under the cognomen of *Billy Buffer*, or *Old Billy Buffer ;* for on board ship, "*old*" is a sort of endearing precursor of speech, applied sometimes to youths, but always to every soul that approaches or passes thirty years of age.

But to the assembly—there was a solemn silence as the *boy* of the mess, that is, the *servant ;* for, poor fellow, he had long since shaken hands with his teens, and led the most d—nable life in his present post, it is possible for the most fruitful imagination to conceive ; being, indeed, what with soot, and vexation, and bad feeding, scalding, and cuffs, reduced to an exact picture of Romeo's apothecary, as dressed out by our modern actors—this most despised of gods and men, we say then, had just placed an immense tin teapot before the officiating high priest, and a twin teakettle at his feet, after suitably bawling out as he entered their august presences for their edification, and the commodity of adjacent shins, the emphatic word "*scaldings!*"

This was but the prelude to more earnest work, for the which, the confusion of Babel was silenced, and what was more, a very learned argument between a doctor's mate, one Mr. Gravity, whose countenance vied in stupidity and fat with Mr. Buffer's; and a Mr. Lackwit, a very smart young fellow, who, having already served four years, and arrived at eighteen years of age, and the envied post of *mate of a watch*, and *oldster* in the birth (he had his *say* according to age) where they sat in a most exact and scrupulous seniority, from the high priest, or caterer, at the upper end of the table, from whence all the good things were dispensed, to the darker and further end, where scarce a ray of the blessed light reached, and where indeed it was as desert of eatables, as any of those sandy tracts to the left of the prolific Nile; and where, generally speaking, the occupiers were quite as hungry and thirsty, as the exhausted traveller in that desert, receiving but a scanty supply from the bashaw of the district.

This young gentleman then having in law the right, from his office, of speech and disputation; we find we must avoid metaphor, or would we liken the quashed argument between these worthies aforesaid, to the responses of the famed Pythoness in mystery, or the Cumean Sibyl—though indeed, in this latter instance, there were no leaves scattered about but of an old *Hamilton Moore;* now there is no knowing whether the said argument, which (though we are not sure at this distance of time) we believe to have been about a cock and a bull, would have ended without going to the ultimo ratio of good fisty cuff, esteemed the most satisfactory and convincing possible, had it not been, as we have said, suddenly arrested, and all the clatter of heels, knives, cups and saucers, and tongues, simultaneously hushed by the appearance down the *after ladder* of the expected supply of bread, milk, and butter, aforesaid, without which nothing could be done; and having happily been handed up the gangway at this very instant, was as expeditiously handed towards the assembly. In a trice, three enormous quarterns flew out, and into as many hands as could snatch at them with uplifted knife—in vain the high priest cried "quietly," grabbing, with peculiar care, at a first slice, and brandishing a pound of butter, with equal coolness and determination, though disputed by no less than four pair of claws.

At this instant, following the same supply, came thundering down the ladder, and dragging something in human shape, dressed in a *red coat* after him, the midshipman (Mr. Theophilus Tugjunk) who had been in the boat for the said provender, and who now called out with a voice of thunder, or rather the growl of a bear, to which quiet and well bred quadruped, he bore no bad resemblance, either in make or disposition, "I say, hoy! avast there! halves! d—— my eyes, not so fast—don't gammon a fellow—here's a lad wants something as well as yourselves — you've no 'casion to be in such a b——y hurry: come, shove in there youngster! sheer off!" after which pithy exordium, he thrust the unfortunate being round the table, half on the backs of those in the way, to a spot among the youngest at the lower end, where, having jammed him into a place between two, who seemed in no hurry to make room, he regained his own seat (left vacant, near the caterer) in a twinkling, seized on the remains of one of the ponderous quarterns, which he generously divided with his protegèe, throwing it along the table, and calling out to "pass it up" and "give the youngster a cup and saucer, and knife, d—— his eyes!" So busy by this time indeed, were the whole fraternity that their new and fancifully dressed guest was hardly noticed, nor was it without sundry "d——ing of eyes" (which we take to be synonomous with the sweet gentle "my gracious and goodness" of young ladies) that the unfortunate subject of this our history (for it was no less a personage) obtained a cup and saucer. But a nausea inseparable from the first smell of tar, and the motion he had undergone, had left him no appetite, fully occupied too in surveying the strange assembly round him, who, for the moment, were too intent on their grub to pay much attention to the stranger.

Of this short quiet, we shall take advantage to give some little description of his birth, parentage, and education. Heaven send we do not be too prolix—nor run into those forbodings of genius, from shedding of teeth or robbing apple trees, or getting whipped at school, which make such formidable preludes to great men's lives.

The lad, who now sat pale and shivering at the mess table, trying to make out the persons of this awful set, through a strange light in which the *purser's glim* and six inches of daylight, with rays oblique, struggled for the mastery, might have been about 14 or 15 years of age; of rather a genteel figure, though swathed up in the strangest costume that surely ever poor boy had been condemned to; it consisted in coarse corderoy breeches, worsted stockings, and hessian boots; a scarlet close coat, and white metal buttons; over which he wore a *spencer* of coarse blue cloth; a bran new beaver, with a smart cockade, seemed the only decent part of his outward man, which, being hung up on one of the pegs, displayed a face that might be called handsome, though rather dark, and a nose something too Roman to please all tastes. It seems (from what we can gather from a few obscure notes) that the lad's name was Horatio Flagstaff Hawser, and eldest son of Sir Careless Flagstaff Hawser; a descendant of that numerous family of *Staffs*, possibly branches of the Falstaffs, Bickerstaffs, Wag-staffs, &c., of familiar and happy memory in Old England; be this as it may, the father of our youth had, early in life, led what is called a fashionable life about town; had been occasionally, it was whispered, of the Prince's parties; when wit, fun, frolic, and ruinous expense were the order of the day. His patrimony, always slender, was soon swallowed up in this life, and an imprudent marriage sealed his ruin and total obscurity in the West of England, on a small farm, which he no more knew how to manage than did poor "*Booth*," or any other gentleman farmer—the consequence was, that with an increasing family, came increasing want.

His eldest son had, about two years before the beginning of this history, been taken from a small grammar school in an adjacent village (where two younger boys were left) to superintend, or rather labour in the fields; to such straits was the unfortunate Sir Careless reduced;—so that the sum total of the lad's education amounted but to a slender smattering in Latin; being, about this time, infinitely more read in Fielding, Smollett, Pope, Dryden, and Shakespeare, which he devoured at home, than Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, or Cicero: Indeed he knew nothing of antiquity, any more than the salt water worthies he had been popped among on the morning in question. But this defect was made amends for, by that "*bona indoles*" which supplies artificial defects. He had some *good sense*—that *rare and immediate gift of heaven!!!* and which so very few, educated or uneducated, are possessed of; he had too the dawnings of an intuitive good taste in most matters; which wanted but knowledge and experience to bring into play: in disposition he was kind, but too irrascible and sensitive—and infinitely too romantic for the sea; for he had already been in love, to desperation, with a neighbouring Baronet's daughter—though he had never seen any more of her than the flounce of her gown one day as she got into her father's coach. He was too ill clad ever to have been invited to the house, or to have gone if he had, where, however, his father was frequently a guest; not without something of that restraint which ill accorded with a generous mind, or his own wounded pride; but which was, nevertheless, the exact measure between splendour and penury—for, even in England, *title* has little defence from contempt, when unsupported by a fine house and an equipage; and the inequality was, in this instance, made daily more apparent between the knights, by an excessive improvidence on the part of the poorer, that seemed but to increase with difficulties of all sorts—nor was it to be wondered at, that the poor knight scarcely maintained a shabby genteel appearance, while his children were in rags and, not unfrequently, nearly barefoot![*] But even, barefooted as he was, young Hawser scribbled couplets to the black eyebrows of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, or, if repulsed, to the village publican's child's blue eyes; in short his heart was always in a flutter—and the little wenches he came across, in his mind's eye, so many little divinities; asleep or awake, or making hay, or taking care of the horses; for, almost the whole care of the farming concern, had been shifted to his young shoulders, while his unfortunate dad consoled himself over his brown October, for the which he had, from sundry very natural causes, an unlimited credit at the sign of the Bull, in a neighbouring village, where the curate and surgeon made up a very respectable and sensible triumvirate, in which politics, the belles lettres, the arts, sciences, vertù, &c. took their turn, with an occasional game at whist, whenever a poor half-pay lieutenant in the neighbourhood joined them.

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[*] Our taste is not of the false order, to overstep the immutable bounds of *nature* and of *truth* in our colourings!—the reader will marvel! but this is drawn from the life.

Twelve months had passed in this manner, when Sir Careless (who spent his whole waking time in a comfortable reverie) was roused by the accidental intelligence of the Apollo, commanded by the gallant gay Captain Oakheart, having arrived at Spithead, after a brilliant cruise in which he had, though but four and twenty, greatly distinguished himself by his excellent judgment and coolness in an affair on the French coast, off Cherbourg, when attacked by two of the enemy's frigates; which he not only beat off, but took a privateer, while yet they were in sight, in spite of their united efforts to prevent. The young captain, on arriving at Portsmouth, had run up to town; had been received by the first lord at the Admiralty with open arms, for it was not the first by many occasions on which he had distinguished himself, as much by the most heroic courage as for a coolness and method which is not so frequently joined, and makes the former inestimable.—No wonder then, that, united as it was with extreme generosity and great good nature, he was beloved by the lieutenants and the mids, worshipped by the seamen, and extremely respected by every soul on board. Even in the west end of the town, where the merits of a sea captain are not very striking objects, nor the œconomy of his ship a matter of interest or concern, yet was the youthful captain, from his connexion, carriage, polished manners, and handsome person, a welcome guest in more than one house in and about Grosvenor Square; led out heiresses and titles, and beauties almost every night in the festive dance, and was, in short, a star of the first magnitude. Had it been in 1826 or 7, he would have been called a *lion*, with infinitely more propriety than the greater part of our more recent *lions*, being in truth much more like jack-asses. Nature had given him, indeed, an uncommonly fine figure, and a handsome face—no wonder several girls shed tears as fast as Araby's woods "their medicinal gums," when he bid adieu, and rattled down once more, after a short absence, to his ship.

But to return to the country: Sir Careless, roused by the name of which he just recollected he had some slight knowledge, from the circumstance of his having dined with the captain, at a noble lord's, some three years previous—roused, we say, by what he conceived a most happy thought, he sat him down in the neat sanded parlour of the Bull, where the identical paper lay that now moved him to action, by a whole column of panygeric on the said captain and his frigate, and indited the following epistle:—

"*To G. Oakheart, Esq. Commander of H.M.S. Apollo.*"

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I consider myself particularly fortunate in being able, from the accident (a happy one I shall ever esteem it) of our being thrown together at my Lord Goodfeed's, to congratulate you most heartily on your late brilliant affair: indeed, we humdrums, in the country are not kept in ignorance, thanks to the press, of your great deserts, though so far removed from the scene of your triumphs.—How proud, how happy, nay, let me say how obliged I should be, if a son of mine who, I assure you, does not want for intelligence, and is a well grown lad enough, could be allowed to commence his noviciate in the sea service under your command. I will not say more than that I have been for some time anxious to give him a profession, and none seems to me so eligible as one where, independent of its intrinsic merits, such men as yourself give a lustre to, which makes it outshine all others—not unmindful of the honour of your notice, and the great and solid advantage of his being under your immediate eye.

"Should this favour be possible, I will not lose a moment in sending him down to Portsmouth to join your ship.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"your very obliged,
"obedient humble servant,
"CARELESS F. HAWSER."

The return of post brought back the following answer :—

"MY DEAR SIR CARELESS,

"I am extremely proud of the flattering compliments you are pleased to pay me, which indeed equally belong to the officers and seamen of my ship as individually to myself. The fact is, that at this moment, I have more than my complement of midshipmen and youngsters on board, but as you particularly wish it, you may, if you please, send your son on board, and he must take his chance.—We are under sailing orders, so that it will be necessary for him to be here on Wednesday at furthest.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"G. OAKHEART."

The father of Horatio, for such was the Christian name of our subject, had no sooner read this answer than swallowing off the remains of his mug he strode across two fields to his own humble cottage, with the most anxious haste, and sending for his son, who was at that instant littering the horses, feeding the cows, and thinking of a sweet note expressive of his *everlasting* love for Betsey Thorn, the then favorite and next neighbour's plump daughter, with a face of the most consummate wisdom and importance (for he ever loved, though a most good natured man to inspire his children with a vast idea of his dignity), placed the said epistle in his hands—crying out "There sir, what d'ye think of that? In two days you will be one of ***His Majesty's*** *officers*,—eh! ah!—ha! ha!—hem!" This magnificent good news threw Horatio into an ecstasy of joy, which he expressed by a thousand extravagancies, and thanks to his father; for in truth the poor lad did not want for reflection, and often lamented a life that seemed to him capable of leading to nothing but wretched and prolonged bodily labour; ill suited to the few lights he possessed, or his natural inclinations, which to say truth, were violently inclined (a chip of the old block) to the indolent and the amorous; true, he enjoyed the confidence, and often the unreserved conversation of his father, who could, when not crossed and plagued by his pressing exigences, be the most agreeable entertaining man on earth: He had long conversed with the world, and lived much among its greatest ornaments, so that to a rich fund of anecdote he joined that ease and elegance in his manner, which was sure to gain the hearts of all those who came in contact with him ;—as to his son, he looked up to him as his model, and when his glaring defects were not unhappily forced on him, namely, a too great love of the bottle, and the consequent want attendant on thoughtless extravagance and want of method, he loved, admired, and revered him with his whole heart. These were good signs in so young a mind ; those who cannot love and admire the excellencies of others are generally, nay always, good for nothing themselves.

These moments of admiration were, however, unhappily often broken in on ;—character is so chequered !—the same man often so good and so bad, that in the same day he may be loved and detested ! Her ladyship too, who, poor soul, had never enjoyed one hour such as her rank might have promised her—condemned to an endless slavery and drudgery of the house, and care of her children, did not put up with it without many battles of words with her better half, in which she had always indeed the best of it, Sir Careless taking himself off to the Bull, till the storm blew over.—In these moments of irritation the son shared the just indignation of his mother, whose side he could not help secretly espousing; for although her disposition was not of that milk and honey quality which smoothed all difficulties, as in the mind of the head of this family, and accommodated itself to all sorts of deficiencies, except that of a mug of ale, or a bottle of wine—yet was reason generally on her side—and she poured her sorrows into the symphathising bosom of her eldest son, who, as he partook of her fatigues, so did he of her disappointments and her griefs.

These clouds were not so frequent in the skies, but that whole weeks of sunshine gilded their thatch, and it happily occurred at this moment, that a most perfect harmony reigned throughout the house; nor should we forget an only sister, the sweetest dispositioned, most sensible creature that ever lived. who never failed, though little more than thirteen years old, to accelerate little conciliations whenever these domestic disagreeables occurred.

Maria, indeed, was her mother's right-hand, and did, with the neatness and grace of a lady, a thousand labours in the interior of the house, which are generally consigned to maid-servants—but with intelligence, industry, good sense, and good taste, what may not be effected in a family by woman! nor can a whole bevy of mercenary menials supply their place where these qualities are unhappily wanted. Poor Horatio, however, felt something like a pang at the idea of being torn from his family, his fields, his plough-horses, his cows, and even his pigs—they were old acquaintance, he talked gibberish to them, fed them, and caressed them; his garden too, where he now and then dug and raked with his father (who by the way, was a most excellent horticulturist and florist, though a bad farmer; Sir Careless's garden and fruit being the theme of many a gossiping story far and near); all this was to be quitted, what was worse, the blooming Betsy must be forgotten, whom he loved most violently just about this time, and we are afraid not with that strict virtue desirable, but whatever Betsy might have yielded by time and frequent meetings by stealth half way between the two houses, certain it is she had as yet behaved with a most rigid prudence, and dame Nature was not likely to deal more hardly with them at parting than in similar cases, where a week is enough to drive out one image, and a *momentary glance* long enough to receive another with equal ardour.

The first burst of surprise and joy which was shewed by the mother and daughter, who were in their little parlour at the time, being over, Lady Hawser, who was always the first to consider of *ways and means*, casting her eyes on her son and heir, who cut a most shabby figure in tattered jacket and trowsers, asked very naïvely how and by "what means the boy was to be made fit to be seen? for," said she, "my dear you know he has not got a coat to his back," (nor a shirt either she might have added). On this knotty question a grand consultation was held, and many plans were devised, such as borrowing; credit with the tailor of the village; and lastly, *conversion* of sundry cast off, half worn gay habiliments of Sir Careless's, carefully preserved in the drawers since his forced retirement from the world; here indeed was a mine rich as an old clothes shop, and made up of the same heterogeneous finery, for some were court suits, silk, and satin, embroidered; and all of the gayest colours, something indeed faded, but not to that sobriety that well suited a man of war, nor were they any thing like the colour requisite, or the fashion; on this head, however, there prevailed a most happy ignorance, which was as happily exemplified in the selection of a *scarlet* dress coat, a pair of buckskin breeches, corderoy ditto, which, with one violet satin waistcoat, were conceived would make, when submitted to the shears of Hemhard the tailor, a most elegant and appropriate suite for gala days on board; this was no sooner settled, very much to the satisfaction of all concerned, than it was packed off to the shop of the said operator, where being duly measured, they were not long in bringing down to the dimensions of their new lord and master. As it was impossible to do without a present suit; a coarse second cloth was made up into a sort of coatee and breeches, of blue; and the doctor kindly made over at half price, a white topped pair of boots to incase his legs in, their being a mile too large was not considered material; a very good hat, after much running about was obtained, to which sister Maria made a very smart cockade. The first day of all this finery was indeed a proud one, and being a Sunday, the village church congregation were edified by the appearance of Master Horatio Hawser, in the strangest costume (if we consult our present ideas on that head) that had ever met mortal eye! Horatio strutted in and out with nothing in his head but the magnificence of his appearance; the good folks stared, and the baronet's family, who were present, contrived to smother a titter, as the two families saluted each other, not that on the whole, it appeared quite so ridiculous as it would now-a-days, for the eighteenth century was but just passed, and powdered finery, laces, scarlets, &c. were still adhered to by many.

The next morning, with eyes full of tears, they took leave of each other; many blessings were showered on him by his affectionate mother and sister, who put a guinea in his hand at parting—the first time in his life gold had ever crossed his palm. As the stage-coach passed only two miles off, on the great western road, Sir Careless took his son by the hand to see him so far on his road to high fortune, and the sea; and as they went along, over the fields together, having sent a small trunk round by Daniel, their old servant (an old negro who had been in the American wars) he thus addressed his child:—

"My dear Horatio! come, keep your spirits up—What! an officer! indeed you must cry no more; it is unmanly; besides, we shall soon see you again—you know I love you and shall feel, so shall we all, much at a loss for you. And who is to do all you have done for me, like a good boy God only knows! for as to Dan, I cannot trust him in everything, and you know I myself am incapable of great bodily fatigue, and besides, I have a thousand things to think of, of much more moment." (This must have alluded to the numerous castles, he was continually building in the air)—Horatio dried his eyes. "You are now my boy, going among gentlemen, where nothing is thought of but the highest degree of honour—you recollect those lines of Horace? where he so beautifully describes an ardent attachment to our country, in which the idea of fear in her defence can never intrude—eh? Fielding, you must recollect, has beautifully rendered it." Here he launched into—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," &c. &c.

"I am sure you feel how exquisite, how true this is. You are now going to fight for your country, and among those who are strangers to fear, as they are to meanness of any description; you will be perfectly at home as soon as you are among them. Here is a letter for you to the captain, my particular friend, who will let you have what money you may want, and direct you what to do. You will be extremely comfortable, have a cabin to yourself, and a servant to attend on you, and in short be treated in every respect as a *gentleman:* your style will be (of course my dear boy, as you have never in your life seen a ship, those mighty engines of the mistress of the ocean! you can have no idea of the thing) '*gentleman of the quarter-deck*'—very different, egad, from your life hitherto, I promise you; there you will cultivate your *mind*, and assume that carriage and bearing, which your *birth* indeed entitles you to."

Here Sir Careless drew himself up, for he had the most romantic notions of *birth* and *rank*. After particular directions where to find the captain at Portsmouth, in what way to salute him, with the most "profound, yet manly respect," he concluded thus:—"I am sadly vexed that it is impossible for me to accompany you down, but once on board, and as I have told you, you will be quite at home, among a set of hearty generous fellows, who will vie with each other in delicacy and kindness towards you, and who will instruct you in your peculiar duties. Our *nautical* readers will smile at the crudity of our knight's ideas of the navy! but to this day his Majesty's shore-going lieges have but vague notions of sea-dogs.

Travelling in those days was nearly as expeditious as at the present moment; what it may be when certain projected *air tubes* or *tunnels*, or those steam carriages, just beginning to run, are in full play, there is no knowing with any thing like precision—suffice it to say, that, in a few minutes after Sir Careless had ceased to speak, his son was mounted on the top of the coach, having embraced his father most affectionately, and shook old

Daniel by the hand; who called out, as the coach drove off, "Gar 'a Mighty bless you massa! if I was twenty year more young nor I am, so help me Gor' I go wid you."

The next morning he was in Portsmouth; thrown on the wide world, and a strange one to him, with two guineas and a half in his pocket; one of which his mother had given him, as we have before observed, and the rest was all the cash Sir Careless had it in his power to furnish his son with, independant of paying his fare. This wretched sum looked, however, immensely respectable in the eyes of a boy, who hardly ever possessed a whole shilling of his own before; and he was an utter stranger to the wants of his new situation—not to mention those of *luxury*. If he thought at all about the matter, the letter to the captain, he imagined, was to supply every thing; and in this happy confidence, his trunk being deposited in the office, he began to enquire in the high street for the captain's lodgings.

It so happened that the first person he came across, swaggering up the street, was no other than Mr. Tugjunk, who had left the boat in charge of the coxswain at *Sally Port*, and had taken a step upwards on his own particular affairs; namely, to warm his stomach at the *Fountain*, which inn he patronised. Seeing an officer with a sword by his side, our hero thought he could not do better than ask if he could direct him to Captain Oakheart; which august name no sooner struck on the *lug* of the said officer, than he came to a full stand, and giving his glazed cocked-hat a cant to *port*, so as to describe a right angle with his nose, or "*money in both pockets*," and eyeing the enquirer from head to foot, with a most supercilious and knowing expression, asked what might be his business with him—on which, with many bows and some confusion, the boy made known his case; at the same time showing him the letter.

Whether it was that the title of Sir Careless, which came out accidently, caused a sudden revolution in the manner and features of this gentleman, or whether the letter to the captain had benevolently relaxed a certain air of disdain he had assumed, is not material; certain it is, that no sooner had the youth told his story, than he assumed a look of great good nature; told him, in return, that the captain was not in town that morning (or possibly he would have been more cautious in leaving the boat); and that, as he was going to join the ship, he might as well come along at once, as the captain was sure to be off in the course of the day or next morning—Hawser was not slow in accepting this proposal, and being directed by this sea Ajax to take a turn on the Parade till he came back; he obeyed, by turning up as far as the battery, and for the first time in his life saw Old Ocean, in no very sweet mood, lashing the walls of the Esplanade, and throwing the salt spray all round.

Many noble ships lie at Spithead, whose top-gallants, as they rolled majestic at their anchors, described a segment of a circle in the air; their streaming pendants kept at right angles by the whistling winds, seemed to bid a bold defiance to the elements. It was not exactly a *gale*, but what sailors term a sharp breeze, which seemed rather turning to a gale than inclined to abate.

The Isle of Wight was scarcely visible, and, to mend the matter, about this time it came on to snow. Altogether there was much of the bitter mixed up with Horatio's sensations of wonder and admiration at so many objects of magnificence and novelty. He, indeed, foreboded nothing ill, nor even remotely imagined what sort of a thing the inside of a ship was; but his young heart felt, severely felt, his present separation from those he loved. The irksome part of his past life seemed now, that it was quit for ever, to be softened: his labour, wretched appearance, and total absence of what are commonly called pleasures, seemed now to be less hateful; and to be so blended with what he loved most tenderly, as scarcely to leave him any consolation; his ten minutes' walk on the battery were, perhaps, of a more bitter anguish than he ever after felt, or ever felt before.

This was happily soon broken in on by the reappearance of Mr. Tugjunk, who hailing him with "Hoy, my hearty! here we are!" They proceeded towards the boat together; Tugjunk casting many a significant glance at the skirts of the red coat, at last remarked, with a sort of sly dryness, that he supposed Mr Hawser meant to enter in the line of the *horse-marines;* to which Horatio, not understanding a word he said, assented with equal gravity.

Two of the men having been sent up for the trunk, they now shoved off, and the unfortunate youth was very soon as sick as a dog, and wet to the skin; and in this plight was he handed on board, and down to the midshipmen's berth, where we have left him ruminating on his destiny, Mr. Tugjunk having reported him to the first lieutenant; to whom he was to pay his respects, and report himself, as soon as (Bruin observed) he had got his breakfast aboard. This friendly wish was, however, not likely to be realised that day.

We would fain, before we proceed with this story, give a sketch of the young gentlemen, who we have left so busily *tucking in their soft tommy* or *grub;* but it would fill a volume to meddle with them all, and we find we must content ourselves with the most prominent characters. The caterer has been particularized; and the next to him in authority, from the weight of his *body* and *fist*—namely, Theophilus Tugjunk, gent. Both these gentlemen had commenced their career in *colliers*, and had, we believe, been, in the first instance, *pressed* into the service, where, after many years meritorious service, they obtained births as *master's mates,* where they remained many years more, and assumed the *officer* and *gentleman ;* albeit, rather in a lower scale of refinement when compared with real *midshipmen* "*born and bred with a silver spoon in their mouths ;*" but whatever weight they might have been deficient in on the score of *gentility*, their personal prowess gave them a decided lead when off deck ; and in the berth there was none hardy enough to dispute their authority ; three persons excepted, whom we will just mention.

The first was a Mr. Lackwit, the son and heir of a rich tradesman in town—"*mate* of *a watch*," and a *passed mid* ; " the *force of* merit could no *further go :*" added to this he was the best dressed man in the ship, the captain excepted ; indeed it seemed on more than one occasion, at least in this particular, that he had a sovereign contempt for every other living soul on board. An excellent officer himself, he knew his duty exactly ; (ignorant as mud of every other thing in this world); very taciturn and sententious, he passed off an empty head for a very full one ; and was the oracle of just half the youngsters, whom he kept in the most profound awe by the strength of his fist, helped out by the strength of his understanding: he had too, for a whole year, it seems, prided himself in a knowledge of certain words of Latin, so well economised, that more than one tough argument had been closed by one of the said portentious words, at which the unhappy opponent stood at bay! But, about this time, a doctor's mate joined, who was allowed to beat him hollow, and who had, on one occasion, sent forth a whole sentence quoted, as he said, from Virgil; to which the other nodded a knowing recognition, and never after delivered one word more of that language. Tugjunk, who was of the adverse party, from some pique, swore he was "dumb foundered," which was echoed with a roar by all his side. Shortly after they all agreed he knew nothing about the matter: and thus things stood; being forced to console himself and his adherents, with the reflection, that the said doctor's mate was ill dressed, spoke horrible English, and wrote worse; and was, on the whole, a very shabby poor devil;—and for once he was right.

The next in consequence was the *captain's clerk;* a sort of broken down tradesman he had been, and what else nobody knew, though there was a gap, in the history of his life, of twenty good years, which he never touched on: indeed, he was equally mysterious on other parts, for the shopkeeping part of the story was but whispered about. This gentleman was about forty-five, with a dull yellow countenance and prominent large eyes, flabby, shambling person, and grey head: as he had been clerk in a receiving ship, time out o' mind, he was the most knowing *kiddy*, by many degrees, in the berth; besides, he had a vast fund of low humour, if not wit, which was wont to set the table in a roar, at the expense of the more feeble of its members; he, carefully abstaining from all jests where an appeal to the *argumentum ad hominem* might be anticipated; his tales and anecdotes were wonderfully adapted to his audience, consisting, for the most part, in the marvellous!—of his own great deserts, and what HE had done, and the roguery and knavishness of sundry pursers and pursers' stewards—on this theme he dilated extremely. Then he spouted tragedy! particularly when about half seas over, or fuzzy, which, from a constant habit of helping himself from the rum case out of regular hours, and a very close application while the bottle circulated *pro bono*, never failed to occur every day after dinner; or, more properly speaking, after tea, for as they dined at twelve exactly in the mids' berth, and as the duty of the ship interfered with their conviviality, the grand *setting-to* always took place after tea, when the *oldsters*, or choice spirits, held their orgies in close conclave, from which the *youngsters* were most carefully excluded, no doubt, on account of their precious morals!—If for the better appropriation of their lawful share of rum, we will not say, though indeed they were perfectly aware that the whole of any substance or thing is more than the half, and this they had doubtless extracted from Euclid, being the sum total of their researches in that dry mathematician.

In these moments, Toby, or *Old Toby* as they familiarly called the said scribe, was particularly in his element (a *rum one)*, and his flashes of merriment responded to every glass of *half-and-half*, he conveyed to his lips—he had, indeed, by long habit, and as a fence against disappointment and grief, acquired a most unbounded affection for *grog;* and though every oldster in the berth was equally fond in the main, yet was his attention to the rum bottle the most unremitting and assiduous. As he came next in *berth-orial* dignity, from his age and acquirements, and long service, to Mr. Billybuffer, the caterer, so did he sit next him on his left hand, keeping up the *civil* counterpoise to the *military* Tugjunk; and of which seat he was particularly tenacious for many cogent reasons.

Firstly, it stood next in order, after the first cut, for all *slices*, both of solid pudding and as solid beef, whose dimensions went on diminishing in exact mathematical proportion in the ratio of their increased distance, or space of time after quitting the main body; so that by the time any given fid, or morsel, of said pudding, *dog's body*, *twice laid*, or *junk* (salt beef) got to the further end of the table (running the gauntlet through the degrees of service and of seniority), it became so attenuated and impalpable that the facetious Toby not unaptly compared it to a "*A ha'pennyworth of soap after a hard day's washing*,"—now of such dimensions and form he had a most excessive antipathy; and took especial care that what he got should be as far removed as possible into the opposite extreme; and, indeed, it was often matter of dispute whether he liked eating or drinking best. This knotty point never could be resolved, *he* only knew, and the secret died with him many years after.

Secondly, from his close vicinity to the bottle-stand, he could, not waiting for his turn, as if in mere absence of mind, help himself out of it; and this passed unobserved frequently, after having said a very good thing, and they were all busy laughing—he, himself, keeping up a most imperturbable gravity of countenance, while the rest were splitting their sides. Sometimes, on these occasions too (but always in the fair way of business) his hand shook so, and he was so engaged talking, that he forgot the exact moment when the neck of the bottle should have been lifted from his cup, by which means its gurgling went on after the regular quantum had descended. This he would affect to replace, as the rest cried out!—but he never could contrive, from this shaking of his hand, to restore any part, however earnest he pretended to be in pouring it back. On these occasions, the poor ship's rolling was always cursed, with a sly wink. If this clothed some of their visages with a wry expression, the greater part enjoyed the fun, declaring, with an oath, that old Toby would have double his *whack*, "if he died by it." Besides, he had the additional plea, that his odds and ends of Shakspeare made him *dry;* as he gave them set speeches with great emphasis, and for the which the whole steerage rang with their plaudits.

The next in order, was a young fellow of very good family, who had been long at sea, and was up to quite as much as this salt water *quill driver*, and had indeed out slanged and out blackguarded him in a regular set-to, in which the whole mess sat umpires. He had, (having taken *French leave* of his ship for a whole year) travelled on the continent, spoke the French language fluently, dashed down to Naples, where he finished his follies, by marrying an Italian princess, of not the most immaculate virtue, it was whispered; he had not long lolled, with his *cara sposa*, in his palche, at San Carlo, before a most peremptory order from his father, (and a refusal of more money, aided by some little force by the captain of a man of war on the station), consigned him, though very loath, once more to a midshipman's mess; nor was it without great interest in a high quarter, that this piccadillo was looked over, and the *R*, or "*run,*" on the ship's books expunged.

With such a taste of life, it may be imagined how he relished a return to keeping his watch, keeping within any sort of rule, and salt beef! —in good sooth he was what the French call *blasé*, and like too many of our young Englishmen now a days, *tired*, *sick* of every thing in this world, from the sheer force of keeping no bounds in any thing—joined to extreme fastidiousness he had, when he chose it, an uncommon gracefulness of manner: extremely arch, sensible, and good natured; he was no less profligate, slovenly, and indolent; from the most splendid stock of clothes when he first came on board, he was now reduced to a bare change; his shoes oftener in the scavenger's basket than on his feet, with one stocking on, the other lost, or consigned to the same maw; his hair dishevelled, coat torn, dirty shirt, handkerchief loose round his neck, in a sort of half happy oblivion of the present and the past, from tippling—leaning against the bulkhead, sat the Honorable Frederick Gay.

He might have been a lieutenant long before that day—a captain—any thing, for he had talents of the very first order; and he was nothing, not even a *midshipman;* as the *ratings* had been filled up; nor could he be trusted to any extent on deck, where indeed it was a matter of no small difficulty to produce him, nor then occasionally without the aid of the corporal of marines, and a couple of files of *jolly guloots*, as he facetiously termed the marines.

Poor Gay! Where art thou now! Sleepest thou quietly with thy forefathers, or art thou in some wretched obscurity, vegetating away a life meant for better things! But we must not anticipate what may be hereafter unfolded in its proper place.

Gay was too refined and had too little appetite to squabble for bread and butter, and he was the first that paid any attention to the new comer, sending him up a cup of tea, and bidding him eat something, as the surest means of getting rid of his sickness, for the which Hawser profferred him many awkward thanks, protesting however his utter inability to eat, though he sipped a little of the tea.

"Clap a dose of rum in it for him," cried Toby, "I'll warrant it will cure you in a twinkling, I know it did me when"—"You;" retorted Gay, "yes, old Tickle Toby, if you were as dead as a red herring, 'twould bring you to life, ha! ha! ha!" The latter sounds being re-echoed all round, rather disconcerted friend Toby, who, though he was as often laughed at, as with, always preferred the latter.

They were one and all by this time, pretty well satisfied, and began to scrutinise the new comer, whose "*rig*," as they termed it, in a sort of "*pig's whisper*," was a "*rum one*." A young Welch wag, who sat next him, after grinning in his face, with the most provoking effrontery, asked him what he would take to *swap* coats, tipping the wink across the table, where the jest was received with a horse laugh. Horatio, from pale now blushed red; but, at this instant the caterer ordered silence, with the emphatic addition of, "*ye varment*," then putting as much dignity into his fat features as possible, asked the young gentleman how he liked the ship? If he had seen the captain? If he had brought his hammock with him, and chest? And lastly, if he had reported himself to the first lieutenant?" all which, as the lad rather hesitated in answering, Tugjunk undertook, with many oaths, to do for him; and in the negative; adding, if you like youngster, we will go and see the first lieutenant; to which Mr. Billybuffer assented, as the best thing possible, that he might be put into a watch, and other necessary orders given as to his sleeping, watching, &c. No sooner had poor Horatio gone out, than a general shout accompanied him, and a grand burst of mirth, in which old Toby, the doctor's mate, and the grocer's son, were the most audible; but as the meaning of all this was not very clear at the moment to the object of it, he followed his cicerone very quietly, groping his way through the dark steerage, towards the gun room door, where, for the present, we shall leave him.

CHAPTER II.

In which there is some Description of the *between decks* of the Frigate; of the Officers of the Gun-room, and of the Boatswain, Gunner, and Carpenter.—Young Hawser is taken to the first Lieutenant, and put into a Watch.—With a fragment of a *Pano*logue.

WRITERS, though swarming now-a-days on all possible subjects, and not a few on salt water ones, have been something scarce on the internal *economy* of our men of war; setting aside then, their external construction, which requires a long and learned treatise, with certain helps, through the present experimental squadron, we find it necessary to say a word or two (before we advance a step further with these two gentlemen towards the gun room) on the appearance of the between decks, or 'twixt decks of the Apollo, which will serve as well for all the frigates that ever were built, or ever will.

This deck then was just five feet five inches high to the beams, or cross timbers, by some thirty-six or forty feet wide from side to side, and required a sort of reverential position when walking, as a man even of the sailor breed, or under middle size, was sure to knock his pate against this ribbed ceiling. Thus, on descending into these regions of darkness, the hat was pulled off with great expedition, and the traveller advanced in the same position ambassadors advance towards thrones: it has been supposed, we will not say with how much justice, that this continual lowly position causes the round shouldered stoop observable in the sons of Neptune; be this as it may, the whole expanse as far as visible forward, through the misty darkness, presented nothing but a succession of these ribs over head. Those next the mainmast, (opposite to which was situate the berth, parlour, or drawing room of the mids) might be seen thick studded with the hats and belts of the marines, in all stages of pipe-claying, polishing, and brushing, together with their other accoutrements, *dangling in mid air* from their batons, while the soldiers themselves filled up the space beneath, busy as bees in the said operation : two exact rows of hanging tables garnished either side; and the rest of more irregular jacks filled up a confused distance into the very bows: opposite the table of the marines lay a gulf called the main hatchway –this yawned terrible, displaying huge cables coiled in their tiers, and winding upwards to daylight, held (running along the main deck above) this floating castle at her anchors; in the middle, a midships, just before the spot, stood, filing and hammering, two grim personages who might have passed for a pair of the cyclops, amidst the din, to which their noise came in, as the drum in a full band, the other instruments being a mixture of mouths in full chorus; the pipes of the boatswain's mate, the shrill squeaking of the *ladies*, with other sounds too confused to particularise.

Immediately behind all this, and on the opposite side, balancing the *parlour* of the midshipmen, lay constructed exactly in the same manner, the cabin of the captain's steward, a person of infinite consequence; where many good things were discussed besides politics, viz. at least one half his master's eatables and drinkables; in which notable operation the said steward condescended to call in the aid of a choice few of the *gentlemen over the way*, who were the least troubled with unnecessary fastidiousness, or thought the regular turn at the captain's table came too tardily, or, with Philosopher Square, that it made up *the eternal fitness of things.*

Behind this temple, on the same side, lived two quiet creatures, of little note in the neighbourhood, and considered a couple of old bores, by the whole set of bloods, whose chests and toilets came in contact with the outside of their partition. These poor souls were no other than the *gunner* and *carpenter* of the ship—warrant officers, and men of note and authority on deck, but wholly insignificant at home. True they had, on more than one occasion, distributed sundry thumps on the persons of the young gentlemen, while amusing themselves, at their expence in the noble art of *quizzing*, as they were considered *butts particular.* Many a bason, and piece of Windsor soap, and brush and comb flew too, with dread precision, from its resting place on chest, at head of offending wight—but maugre these skirmishes, they never gained ground, or received any advance on the score of intimacy with the bucks of the quarter-deck, on the larboard side, except the good natured scribe Toby, considered an amphibious animal whose bureau, or office, lay exactly opposite, and separated only from the mids by the cabin of the boatswain.

Toby, kind soul, often stepped across for an hour's quiet *disinterested* confabulation, just when no visible liquid remained, after a patient investigation at the bottom of the mess bottle, stronger than water. If he picked up food, or rather drink, for raillery, it was all in the serious quiet way; and no offence was meant to such good friends.

We have now comprehended the whole area of the steerage—of that space included between the hallowed partition, or *bulkhead*, which separated the awful cabins of the lieutenants, and the foremost verge of the mids' and captain's steward's cabins, on each side ; between which came down in mighty volume, the mainmast, and all the pumps, great shores or stancheons, &c. forming a sort of thick wood, or forest ; the scene of many skirmishes between the belligerents, in night attacks ; of which more hereàfter.

We have mentioned the *boatswain;* this terrible monster, more dreaded, fore and aft, than the Polyphemus of Æneas, was not either, very unlike that gentleman, having but one eye withal, an enormous stature, grown however into a curb, and a voice to whose tones the clang of the Chinese gong was soft music.

This terrible apparition sat in his cave, filling up one side, almost to the deck—a sort of stunted page officiated trembling—a silver machine, resembling nothing in the world but itself, lay before him on the table, though attached by a cord to the button hole of his coat; this was his *call* or whistle, without which, much of his dignity would have vanished; serving as a sort of *order;* this instrument might have been called a musical one, but that the said gruff personage was never known to have the least idea of music; unless the shrill notes that rent the air through sundry shakes and variations, might be so called.

But custom reconciles us to everything—though it pierced athwart the shrill blasts of heaven, (when its whistling deafened the most hardened,) like the most determined squeak of a pig, introduced in some andante movement of Haydn or Mozart; still was it sweetest music to the jacks, when, from some peculiar shakes, it denoted *breakfast*, *dinner*, *relieving the watch*, or *splicing the main-brace!*

This hero, like his brother officers and neighbours opposite, was not extremely learned; and though often seen in deep contemplation over pen, ink, and paper, with certain folios spread before him, describing rope and yarn, and junk; yet was his peculiar expression and orthography not the most modern, his consonants were found to abound; but as he observed to one who ventured to make the remark, "d—n my eyes, what's too much for one word can't you splice it on to 'tother," now this was unanswerable.—To such mighty gifts, natural and acquired, no wonder an extreme deference was paid by the youngsters, who sheered out of his path, as would the trembling traveller from an alpine avalanche.

As for the elder of the mids, they maintained a prudent and respectful distance with *old Pipes*, as they called him; well knowing in any discussion, he had recourse to a fist, of at least the gravity of a nine pound shot; the only species of ratiocination or logic it was supposed Mr. Pipes had ever studied with any effect.

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Having passed this dread officer, who was just taking a whet or morning dram to keep out the cold, Mr. Tugjunk, followed close by his recruit, advanced beside the chests of the fraternity,(placed in rows on either side, outside the cabins) towards the *gun-room* door; where sat on his hams, a sentinel in an undress jacket, armed with his bayonet only—a duty, the rawest of the recruits were placed on, as not being the most particular; being, so as not to lose time, chiefly employed cleaning extra pairs of shoes for those gentlemen who were not provided with a regular valet (on the board wages of a gill of rum every Saturday night). The soldier happened to be thus busy on the last polish of a pair of shoes; but, seeing with great clearness (it is wonderful how vision accommodates itself to darkness, like that of cats) an officer advance, he dropped his brushes with surprising agility, and stood to his arms, drawing himself up, as they passed, quite on the *qui vive;* opening the door for their ingression: and here, beneath a skylight, at a long table placed across, sat all the officers at breakfast, waited upon by the gun-room steward and half a dozen other servants, mostly boys, and the valets of their respective lords. Mr. Tugjunk, seizing his charge by the hand, quickly doubled the extremity of the table, and steering him behind their chairs, so as to disturb their worships as little as possible, presented Master Hawser to the first lieutenant, with "Here's the youngster, sir, as I brought on board."

But before we relate his reception, it will be but apropos to say a word of the gentlemen who sat round the table, beginning with the first lieutenant, who was a very good fellow in the main, and a great dandy; did not stand on trifles, that is to say he *started* or flogged a man with a rope's end, till he was half dead, ordered a mid to the mast-head for four hours, or twenty-four; then a man into irons; the bomboat woman to be searched for gin; the topmasts and yards to be struck, or got up; hammocks or decks washed, and running down the ladder, all in the same breath, sit down to breakfast, and renew some argument with one of his messmates, without the slightest emotion; or ask the steward if he was rather late, why the devil the kettle had not been kept hot? with a hint, that he might *see the gun* before long, "bl—t his eyes!" With his messmates he was a "*devilish good* *fellow,*" never refused leave to go on shore, took a joke as he gave one, nor assumed any authority, (once below) more than themselves; so that the marine officer (the youngest and last as to consequence) was indeed, being something of a wit, the hardest on him in a quizzing match, and his rival to boot, with a fair lady of great virtue and accomplishments, not a hundred miles from Southsea Common.

The two other lieutenants were much of the same stamp *apparently*, with some variation from nature; for education had pretty well made them all alike: while the first lieutenant was a man of great buoyancy of spirits, the second was of an extremely grave and taciturn cast, inclined to melancholy; played fewer pranks on shore than the other two, and was more just and equal in his conduct on board, when it did fall to his turn to punish the men oı mids; which, however, seldom happened; the first lieutenant being the active minister of all retribution, whether from the rattan of the master at arms, the hasty *rope's end* on the spot, or the more regular and dire flogging at the gangway by *dozens;* when the whole crew attended, all the officers, and, lastly, the captain presided; reading, with becoming solemnity, the article of war bearing on the particular misdemeanour.

The second lieutenant, indeed, under a rough husk carried a noble mind, and was otherwise an excellent officer; stern indeed and inflexible, but *even* in his temper, strict and impartial in his duty, without descending into little harassing vexations; which men of hasty or bad temper always have it in their power to inflict, without being answerable for it, or indeed overstepping the letter of the law, for nothing can be so severe as the code of *instruction* or *articles of war;* like the laws of Draco, they seem written in blood; every thing is "*Death,* or such other punishment as the nature of the case shall *demand,* or a court martial think fit *to impose.*" All this has become a dead letter, obliged to be broken in on every day and modulated to meet human infirmity: like our penal laws for the kingdom at large, every thing is left to custom or the decision of the judge or the clemency of the higher powers.

But to proceed, both these gentlemen were moderately educated, (like the great bulk of the navy at this moment probably,) mere seamen and navigators, with a shade of difference in favour of the junior officer; both pretty good masters of their own language—the first, indeed, knew nothing of any other; not so the third lieutenant, who was, however, the worst officer of the three; knowing his own duties but superficially, it being indeed the least of his cares; having left home later in life (or rather school), he had taken in a good share of classic lore, was very well read in the *belles lettres;* and was, on the whole, rather a scholar than a seaman. But if he had paid more attention to Horace than *Hamilton Moore*, he was obliged nevertheless to attend to his duties; nor was there apparently much deficiency; and the more trying and difficult points, luckily, never came to his lot; as he never had, in the whole course of his service, either to direct the slinging of a temporary rudder at sea, fodder a ship on a pressing occasion, take the masts out or in, or, in short, meddle with any of those concerns where men are particularly *tried;* for, keeping a watch, reefing a sail, doing dock-yard duty, &c. are every day concerns that require no sort of application. From his peculiar erudition, (which somehow or other made him more dreaded below than any other man, and was not unknown nor indifferent to the captain), and from the melody of his voice and dignity of delivery, he was always pitched on to read prayers on a Sunday, and the burial service at the gangway, when any of the poor fellows took a short and unceremonious exit from this world into the next, sewed up in a hammock, and launched to the deep over a *grating*.

Here Mr. Classic (for that was his name), was peculiarly at home, so that he generally went by the nick name of the *parson*, not very unaptly given—his messmates often declaring, he certainly was more fit for the church than the ship; to which he laughingly assented, wishing with all his heart he had never seen a ship nor the salt water, both which, in spite of many years intimacy, he cordially detested.

The next in rank, though the last in estimation, was the *master*. This was a little, vulgar, ignorant, old fellow, the butt of the whole mess; he could indeed work a *day's work*, and stow a cask, after a fashion of his own, but he was particularly obnoxious to his *mates*, over whom he exercised a never dying nig-nag authority. This old goose had been bred in a merchantman, could hardly spell his own name, and how he got into the gun-room of a man of war was most marvellous—but masters in those days were *scarce*, any thing did ; the captain allowed him to have little to say in his peculiar province, the navigation of the ship, so that he was of no further use to him than as he found him a rich source of mirth.

In person, he contrasted excellently with the lieutenants, who were handsome men; he being as much like Hudibras as possible, a little bald head stuck on round shoulders — neck, he had none, little twinkling grey ferret eyes, a tolerable corporation, and bandy legs; in vain a uniform coat with tri-anchored buttons, two and two, denoted his authority ; The greatest pitch of dignity he ever arrived at, with great preparation of a Sunday for muster, might approach to that of a parish beadle.

On the whole, he was of no possible account but to share the quizzing with another original, the surgeon, a little lean animal, much more like a monkey than a man, knowing but a smattering of his profession, and with not a grain more intellect than an ape. This little thing, from a most exquisite conceit of himself, body and mind, strutted immensely when on his legs, which were indeed two exceeding slender pins: these two animals were naturally enough inseparables, and were excellently matched to run in a curricle together.

To see this pair walking the deck, side by side, was in itself no bad joke: the waddle of the one and the strut of the other being eternal food for mirth; and accordingly they had long settled down, whether on deck or below, into the *stock* and joint butts of the mess; nor did the captain keep aloof from the fun, (though with a necessary outward reserve), at some of the tricks and good things ever and anon going on at their expence. All this too was heightened by the chattering imbecility of the doctor, admirably contrasted with the slow stupidity and blundering of Old Weazle, as the master was called, from the peculiar expression of his eyes, and a certain ferreting disposition—from which he made wonderful discoveries where there was nothing to be known—or known ages before. Of the blue coats, the *purser* brought up the rear, a very sly, demure, correct, calculating fish, excessively grave and slow of speech—indefatigable at his books, by which he made, by hook or crook, some four hundred a year—there being no visible means was of no consequence.—These said ways and means were only known to himself, indeed they were to an active mind in its vocation, like his, infinite.

This gentleman's carriage was something haughty, and his presence would have been altogether imposing, as he measured exactly as much round horizontally, as vertically (The *master*, Weazel, by particular desire, having one day, on its being a disputed point, taken his altitude by observation with great precision) had it not been for an unlucky red shining quality of the extremity of his snub nose or proboscis, as they had it, his face might have passed *muster*, as Mr. Shroud observed; this member had imbibed so much of the juice of the grape and spirit of molasses, that one can hardly wonder at its extreme fiery appearance; in spite of an unwearied application of sundry lotions and cosmetics.

It must not be supposed that the purser, Mr. Sligh, (or Sly as the mids would have it) indulged himself immoderately, as did his friend Mr. Clerk Toby, in the pleasures of the bottle—by no means, on the contrary, it was the theme of many kind remonstrances on his part towards this tallyer and balancer of *books*—no, it was like his whole personal and worldly economy, a matter of nice calculation not to go beyond a slight fuddle after dinner; the quantity was regulated to a glass —so many, (all he could get) at the mess-table—so many, from his own private locker, (always well furnished by the wine-merchant of whom he got the mess wine), for he had been so kind, after great importunity (as Richard accepted the crown, or a bishop his long covetted See) to accept the ungracious and troublesome office of *caterer of the mess.*

But what may not a man accomplish by attention and industry! not even this increase of book-keeping (truly, by double entry as the balance somehow or other was always against the mess (Dr.); in the least wearied, the indefatigable Sly.

The *entries* were prodigious, so were the *exeunts*; often declaring, (on a demand for more *ways and means*) with tears in his eyes, how distressed he was at the extreme dearness of every living thing; such as ducks, geese, lambs, sheep, fowls, and that indeed he was almost ashamed of the lengthy bill of those "rascals on shore;" but there was no help for it. God knew! how scrupulous he was, that the books were balanced to a farthing, and that he had nothing for it, nothing but his trouble, as indeed, he would scorn any other remuneration.

After these appeals, to which a sort of ominous dead silence succeeded, he would make an effort towards his cabin for his books, "Damn it, if any man could say," on which Weazel, who sat next him, generally caught him by the flap of his outward garment and hauled him back on his chair, muttering with his peculiar nasal twang, "Na mun, hold hard, ther's no 'casion, who misgives your word?" to which, a sort of murmur of assent all round, would fix the vaccillating purveyor; who with an oath, as to his own disinterestedness, would hand out a bottle of his own *particular* and pass it round to keep sorrow out and "d—n the devil."

Such was Mr. Moses Sly—he had seen many ups and downs in the world, as the mids observed, (having one leg two good inches shorter than the other), but we disdain the pun, and only allude to a vast portion of time consumed of his precious life in a hulk, as first clerk, where his merits were overlooked for ten years; and here it was that he acquired an acuteness and method in his arrangements truly admirable, as well as the beginning of that fiery feature in his countenance, which robbed it of its beauty; but it must be confessed he was an extremely sleek and comely personage on the whole, when in *full tog*, or *grande tenue*, as the French say; whether on the weather side of the quarter-deck, where he walked by courtesy, or toddling up High street on his peculiar affairs.

But one other remains to be described of the gun-room mess, namely, second lieutenant Belair of the marines.—Belair was what men call a develish fine young fellow, gay and debonair to a proverb, vastly dressy and nice in his person, (the word dandy did not exist in those days).—He was supposed to be the most military soldier looking fellow, ever seen in Portsmouth, to which division he belonged; he had but one fault, if that was one, his cravat being near an inch too high, caused an elevation of his face and chin, a trifle *outrè;*—but it was nothing, age would alter it for the better.

This young fellow, who, by the way, was "*un homme à bonne fortune, par excellence,*" had some three years before commenced his career as a midshipman, but disgusted with a *steerage, hard fare, keeping watch, mast-heads, and boating in dirty weather*, had, as was the phrase, *borne up* for a marine officer;—how happy, when a stale joke can make us laugh at every species of misery and privation!

Belair was no fool: He had no friends; born of humble parents, he possibly would never have got beyond his lieutenancy in the higher blue coat track, and wisely resolved betimes to enter a surer path, where length of service, as it should, "keeps on the even tenour of its way;" here he wanted no friends—but health and long life, and might well hope to command that very division, whose well ordered and admirable mess he had just been introduced to, as one of its junior members. He had now nothing to do but laugh, and dress, and make love!—at one jump he plumped into the midst of those he had but yesterday, as it were, contemplated with an awe—magnified from being seen through the dark uncomfortable atmosphere of a *steerage!*—In short, he had grasped at the solid, and left the airy visions of prejudice as some slender consolations for the poor fellows, who, however they might affect a sneer, longed, desperately longed to be as well off—with a dreary, uncertain length of service, before those best backed with friends at the fountain head—with scarce a ray of hope for the rest.

After all, the sea is a good mother to hundreds of poor devils who have no shelter elsewhere; and this was pretty much the case with poor young Hawser; who, now having made his profound bow to the first lieutenant, and one to the assembled gods we have just described, was about to mutter something of his letter to the captain, when Mr. Shroud (so was the first lieutenant called) ordered him a chair, and placing him by him, asked him what he thought of the ship—" First time eh, youngster?—Oh! well you'll soon get used to it; have you got a hammock?—ha!—not seen the captain yet?—ha!—he'll be off bye and bye—we must clap you in a watch—I say Rodman, (speaking to the second lieutenant) take him in yours—let him keep half watch for a while, till he's *broke in*—have you had any breakfast?" to which the boy having answered in the affirmative, with due acknowledgements, Mr. Shroud continued, examining his dress, "We must rig you out, after another fashion, young gentleman; have you no other blue clothes?" "No, sir." "Ha well, let me see—why this is a rum coat under this gigamaree"—being told of his scarlet one, in great innocence by the younker, a horse-laugh ensued, which he wound up with "I say marine, now's your time—here's a chance for ye, I'm sure Mr. Hawshole, beg pardon, your name is—ha, yes, Hawser—ha! ha!—I thought I was pretty near the mark—I'm sure he'll swap with you, and a good chop you'll have for some of them old duds of your's, of no use to you since you have cut the tow-rope, eh!"

At this wit, old Weazel grinned from ear to ear—(and Belair laughed out) "but perhaps you have your uniform with you? to this being answered in the negative, he exclaimed with surprise—then continued, "Well, well, we must set the ship's tailor to work, and make you ship-shape; it's too late, or I'd make Meredith, in High Street, take your measure in a crack—Here Mr. Weazel observed with a sagacious grin, that the ship's tailor would soon fit him to a T—"*Ecce signum*," cries Belair, "your coat fits you like a purser's shirt on a hand spike!"

The purser, who had sat in a brown study, possibly calculating on the fresh beef account, now raised his eyes—observing with great gravity, that purser's shirts were never put on hand spikes—and that the joke was stale—"Well, well," retorted the marine officer, "you know you clap em on dead men, where they fit no better, as you make them chew tobacco! ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Sligh at this, rose with dignity, and retired to his books, not deigning a reply—the master winked hard, and the doctor chuckled like the neighing of a young colt—then turning to Master Hawser, he asked with a very knowing emphasis, if he was the son of Sir Careless Hawser, who wrote "Apollo turned

Stroller" for the Prince, at Brighton, once, to which, being answered in the affirmative, "Egad!" cried he, "singular enough!—you are likely to *stroll* a long way in an *Apollo*—egad! he! he! very odd, very odd! he! he!"

"Now for the soul of me," said lieutenant, Classic, who popped down the ladder at this instant, "I cannot think what the little doctor has said so good—come doctor, what's the pith of the matter—what '*mare's-nest*' *have you found*? Do you know that that maggot of Esculapius, that loplolly boy of yours has just upset the poultice saucepan in the galley and made a pretty mess of it."

At this news the little physician grew pale with rage; his prominent bluish eyes, likened to two boiled gooseberries, rolled in his head: and, seizing his hat, he scrambled up the ladder, vowing vengeance on the man of plasters.—Here a general break-up took place, on a midshipman coming in to report that "the captain was coming"—and one and all putting themselves to rights, made the best of their way on deck; the officers of the gun-room, up the short skylight ladder, by which the doctor had made his exit—the midshipmen and little Hawser, round by the after hatchway ladder, as the more respectful path, and along the main deck, up the ladder before the capstan; the ladder abaft, leading down by the captain's cabin door, being kept sacred from more profane tread, than commissioned officers—in all which, our hero was by degrees initiated.

CHAPTER III.

In which the Captain comes on board.

OUR young gentleman had seen and heard quite enough of *red coats*, to be pretty sensible of the ridicule of his outward man as a sailor: seizing therefore the instant of his passing the steerage, he stripped off the said scarlet toga in a twinkling, and buttoning up his spencer, which made a tolerable jacket, he looked fifty per cent more "ship shape," as Mr. Toby observed, who was betaking himself on deck at the same moment, one of the last; having an uncommon aversion to fresh air, or the light of heaven—but the captain's appearance admitted of no excuse; every soul in the shape of an officer, being expected to attend as a mark of respect to this triton of the minnows—"Besides," cried Toby, as they proceeded up the ladders (for which term read *stairs*, gentle reader, if thou be'st not learned in sea jargon) "you are perhaps not aware, that you come under one of the *articles* of *war*, which expressly forbids the coming on board of *horse-marines*."—This joke at which Toby winked with both eyes, was lost on the novice, who blessed himself in the happy change!—thanking him kindly for the information.

They had now got on the quarter deck, which to an unpractised eye presented a glorious spectacle.—The clouds and snow had blown off, the god of day shone out in full lustre, the wind elastic from the north, blew the heavens clear, and left a sharpness of outline on all around, quite electrifying, as the change seemed almost the effect of enchantment.

We need not describe Portsmouth, nor the Isle of Wight,—that lovely spot, that bed of roses in our sea-girt garden! Roses, (except those, the most lovely, of flesh and blood) just now indeed there were none—but the landscape had not lost all its beauty, nor had the snow rendered its green one white, while the thick studded villas and towns with many a welcome curl of smoke, told of comforts dear to Englishmen. All the expanse of water, quite up to the Needles, swarmed with boats and ships, thick, bustling to their destinations; active as bees on the first moment of change of wind and fair weather.

A considerable squadron of men of war of all sorts and sizes, rode proudly in the midst, whose pendants lashed a sharp defiance in the air, carrying a peculiar awe to seamen's eyes—a thick forest of masts seemed to close the mouth of the harbour; framed with her gilded walls and thick set rows of artillery, over which towered the steeples and roofs; and lastly to give a mellowness to the outline, the Postdown hills swept round to lose themselves in the receding distance about pretty little Southampton. But what struck our novice most, was the peculiar expression and appearance of the floating castle where he trod—we know in truth, of few things got together by art, more striking than the upper deck of a man of war—The *hammocks* stowed on either side in exact symmetry, (fore and aft) and dazzling white, or covered with neat cloths, the deck vying in whiteness, on which not a speck is to be seen—the formidable files of cannon on either side—and lastly, over head, the gigantic masts, that seem, as one stands, to sweep the heavens! throwing "their extravagant arms athwart," all braced with ten thousand intricate shrouds and ropes, the minutest of which is to be as familiarly known, as one's right hand.

All this, as it struck the vision of the astounded farmer boy, filled him with indescribable sensations, in which there was to the full as much fear as admiration; but there was little time for reflection. Mr. Pipes stood in majesty on the gangway, with his silver tube uplifted; already had four pages (yclept *side boys*), dressed in white, thrown themselves simultaniously over the side, with green cloth covered ropes, neatly coiled in hand—already were all the superior officers ranged, and a host of midshipmen and other officers we have mentioned, seemed to fill the deck on the opposite side, when the piercing and long drawn blast, in which the weather beaten giant seemed to strain every nerve to do him honor, announced this demi-god's near approach; the bowman of the finest gig in the fleet, throwing up his oar, stood erect, with his boat-hook gracefully planted as a standard in his right hand, ready, when the sounds from below "*rowed of all*" were distinctly heard, and the next instant the *man* himself bounced up, and greeted with a graceful bow the uncovered assembly. It was not till long after they had been re-covered, that poor Hawser put his hat on; indeed he had made one or two very particular bows, to the great merriment of the wags, who now began to gabble like so many geese together; while the greater part dived down the ladder, with an excessive celerity; so much so, that Toby being among the first, for the rush downwards, saluted the *combings* of the hatchway with his nose, in no very gentle manner, at the same instant being jammed (while feeling its particular state) fast by Mr. Tugjunk and two or three others, in as great a hurry as himself; there was no sympathy, but horse laughter, for poor Toby; but he knew a sure consolation, on his return to the realms of night and bliss, in a fervid tug at the nectar vessel, or rum bottle; mean time the captain after a few turns with the officers, a word to each, and a smile to the little doctor, as he presented a woeful short sick-list with a non-corresponding length of face—took the first lieutenant apart, and they had a long conversation together, on different matters; among others, doubtless, our young gentleman, as they looked towards him once or twice as he trudged up and down with half a dozen mids of the watch—after which he ran down the after ladder, without taking the least notice of his new recruit; the latter made a sort of effort to approach him, but it required firmer nerves, indeed than most of the youngsters possessed, to come in contact with this awful superior.

However, many minutes had not elapsed, before the captain's steward was seen coming up the after ladder, and asking for the young gentleman, touching his head with his right hand, (for he never wore a hat) by way of respect to the quarter deck; being pointed out the object of his mission, he forthwith informed him, the captain wanted to speak to him; sounds that never struck on tympanum of youngster's ear without producing certain palpitations of the heart, more frequently forboding harm than good. The next moment he stood in the presence of the captain, who was reclining on a sofa in the after cabin, where was blended a strange medley of rough tokens of war with the softer attributes of peace; here ranged, well filled book-cases—there, double barreled pistols, and Turkish and French sabres—Here polished mahogany satin chairs, vases of flowers, and *billet-doux*—

there, stern cold iron, in the shape of eighteen pounders, taking their way through windows (the ports) hung with silk curtains—their icy touch and strained lashings told their scorn of the painter's art to render them less ferocious, in white and green—in the fore cabin hung a beautiful or-molu lamp, over a festive board, where, when at sea, smoked eight silver covers at least, (every day at 4 p. m.) with all the delicacies of all the world—now garnished with a fine green cloth, cut glass decanters, different sorts of wine, and a luncheon on a tray, after the most approved modes of the fashionable world. In short, all was of the most refined elegance, of the most approved taste, of the most exquisite delicacy, and of the richest description, side by side, with the instruments of stern and instant destruction—In five minutes all would disappear, and the dogs of war let slip, fire, smoke, cartridges, bleeding bodies, recoiled guns; and fifty devils incarnate would turn this floating paradise to a hellish pandemonæum! As it now appeared, not Cleopatra herself, in her gilded and silken galley, knew an equal luxury—and what is more, such is the straight-laced economy of 1830 afloat; we question whether it is now to be matched in the whole fleet. And yet here was a man of war, polished, accomplished, soft as the zephyrs whisper'd through summer Cynthea's light, in peace—collected, fierce, and terrible in war,—and hard as the oak he trod.

Such, (nor was it incompatible) was George Oakheart, who, with the kindest most assuring smile, bid this poor awe struck lad sit down—kindly asked him how he liked the change? hoped he'd not repent the choice he'd made, of a profession not the smoothest in the world:—that much of his success would depend on himself—that he would ever find him his friend, *while he did his duty;* of which he had no doubt;—then, after reading Sir Careless's letter, with a good natured smile, glancing at his dress, he observed, he found there had been some mistake about his *fit-out*; but that the gentlemen, his messmates, would tell him what was to be done for the moment, as there was no time to get any thing from the shore.

As the captain said this, the first lieutenant approached and reported, (a bustle had been for some time going on on deck), that "they were all ready for unmooring;" to which, having received for answer, " As soon as you please, Mr. Shroud !" a harmony struck up—the peculiar production of the seas. This was the united efforts of two fiddlers, drummer and fifer, and the whole crew in a sort of regular tramping in time (as bass) not unlike certain stampings of troops of the Red Indians in their war dance; all this mixed up with an unusual quivering and shaking of two pair of indefatigable pipes of the boatswain and mates, which seemed to curvet through more modulations than ever did the pipe of *Catalani*, *Sontag*, or *Malibran*—or the fingers and bow of the far famed *Paganini*. That there was more of dissonance cannot, we fear, be denied ; but it blended on the whole, as we have observed, into a sort of sea harmony, admirably well suited to the auditors ;—in short they were unmooring, and Jack was dancing round the capstan bars with an alacrity commensurate with his wish for a *change*, at any rate. Thoughts of prize money ; fatigue of *Poll*, whose amiability never failed to be in the exact *ratio* with the state of Jack's finances—that is to say, *decreasing* in exact proportion ; and the fatigue of *small beer* or *swipes*, so *small*, that the diurnal fag of getting through sundry gallons (wherein his body became a sort of alembic) for the extraction of a very small quantity of the desired *spirit*, might indeed be said to *fatigue*, though certainly followed up with surprising patience, round the galley fire, and over many a *tough yarn*, or long story of a cock and a bull. Thus then, in addition to the said noise or harmony, every now and then a *hurrah* royal bespoke their joy—a never failing token of a "pull together, boys!"

When we say, however, that something more than half of the living souls on board were far from joining in this allegro movement, it would seem paradoxical; were it not for the fact, that while this was going on on deck, no less than three hundred ladies were equally busy below, packing up their *duds*, for a move to *terra firma*. O! inconstancy! thou bane of happiness and truth—thou deformity of man! thou worst of poisons tipped on Cupid's dart—wilt thou still leave the softer sex to mourn and rue the hour, when first the dear passion steals into their breasts! Alas, *Jack* was no more moved by their sorrows, than was the hard hearted *cur* of *Launce* by his pathetic appeal!

Who knows but that the hearts of some of these dear delicate creatures would have broken, had it not been for a gentle palliative for the cruel stroke—viz.: that there happened to be another ship coming in from a foreign station! where they might hope to find solace for their anguish. Besides, there was another source of consolation, which kindly helps us through the ills of life; namely, that they had, the most of them, got quite used to it, and had, in some sort, accommodated their gentle spirits to frequent change.—Nor shall we be too hard on their better halves, whose total indifference may be presumed to arise from a knowledge of this small fact—but we would not be understood to vouch for any thing that might impeach the delicacy of the sons of Neptune, or these their *cara sposas*.

We have before said, that there certainly was a reciprocal decrease of the *tender*, but woman is ever the last to say " adieu ;" and though there might not remain above half a crown in any individual purse or leathern pouch, before the main-mast on the lower deck, still it was cruel to have to leave it behind: not to mention the aggravation this thought received from the owner's being left into the bargain — and these distressing ideas, no doubt, helped to imbitter the sad recollection of unpaid lodgings at ***Point***, or none at all—or—or—but facts are enough:—gloom had overspread the land—('twixt decks we mean) —nor was it banished, after all was *belayed*, the last anchor *short a-peak*, and the changed notes of the pipes had sent them down their ungrateful messmates with smoking kids full of boiled beef, cabbage, *duff*, potatoes, &c., for their farewell dinner. We say, all their kindly assurances of "soon being back," did little to banish this *lopsided* uneasiness.

Many salutings, with hearty busses, were there:—many, "D—— my eyes, Sall, what's the use of piping your eye: Toss off your *tot;* never say die," escaped good natured Jack in soft condolence; unused to those more refined modes, wherein your man of the world sighs back his last adieu; and while his love hangs, perhaps, in real agony on his neck, says all that ingenuity can devise, or the most tender love conceive, to break the force of the cruel separation. Alas! in these cases fewest words are best!—the best are but impertinent; and *Jack's* quite as much to the purpose as the prating Rousseau's.

Giving them their *full hour*, as usual, to dinner; during which time the first lieutenant had joined the captain, by invitation, to partake of the luncheon now ready; and with which young Hawser was likewise honoured, nothing loth, with a share; for as the water had grown pretty smooth, and the ship as still as a mouse, his appetite began to inform him he had not eaten any thing for four and twenty hours. He accordingly played his part at the good things set before him; and a glass or two of madeira seemed to give his situation a very different complexion—not that he ventured to do more than answer in monosyllables, as the captain and first lieutenant, quitting the thread of their conversation, about masts, yards, casks, boats, &c., and their immediate destination, now and then did him the honour of asking him a question, simple, such as—"You were never on board a ship before, Mr. Hawser, I think?" "No, sir!" "Has he got his bedding with him?" "No, sir!"—"Bless me!—well, Shroud, you must send to the boatswain for a hammock for him, and the purser must rig him out a bed in some shape, for the present.—In whose watch have you put him?" "Mr. Rodman's!" "Ah! well—the young fellows below will soon make you *au fait* young gentleman."—"Yes, sir!"—"and Shroud, let Mr. Smallnouse (the school master) have him here of a morning, with the other youngsters, for his navigation."

By the bye, we should beg the schoolmaster's pardon—a good, quiet, soft-spoken, thin, yellow, pock-marked, old soul, who wore green specs—for passing him over; though indeed he was but half an officer, and wore a drab coloured coat, hung on a body lean and withered as an Egyptian mummy. This poor creature messed by himself, in Toby the clerk's cabin, who seldom condescended to much familiarity; indeed the poor schoolmaster (somewhat irrascible by nature) was always *solus*, except when surrounded by the young gentlemen in the captain's cabin at sea, from nine till twelve in the morning, and this being *by compulsion*, and the effect of daily complaints, he was most cordially hated—nor did he know enough of his peculiar craft to secure him from contempt into the bargain—so that he seemed "despised of gods and men." Heaven only knows what made life tolerable to him, for he had no *hope;* and drank nothing but water, giving his daily gill of rum to get his shirts and cravats washed, having a marvellous lack of clean linen—nor was this deficiency wonderfully made up for by that sweetened by salt water, his shirts assuming a kindred colour with his face, and he was by one consent christened "*old sea flower*," the name given to linen got up in this unsavory salt water mode. Such was the unfortunate Gamiel Smallnouse, rated schoolmaster of the Apollo, and moreover chief assistant to the clerk, in bringing up the *lee way* of certain books when astern of their reckoning, to whom the captain now alluded. This gentleman Horatio had not yet seen, and his imagination instantly clothed him in all the dignity of stern solemnity, and a black suit—such as then stood before his mind's eye, Mister Sawney Macwhack, pedagogue in the village of ——, and his late castigator; but "*parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus!*" poor Smallnouse had no such pretensions, in his outward or inward man—so little had he tasted of the Pyërian spring, that he had even avoided the danger the poet alludes to, pretending to nothing more than plain arithmetic and a small smattering of navigation—in which astronomy had a still smaller share—so that his being appointed schoolmaster seemed only congruous while he had to do with a set of boys who were in a still greater ignorance about the matter.

When any thing is to be done in a man of war, no more time is spent at table by the officers than just what is necessary for the *restoration* of the men—the hour being now exhausted, known by the striking of *two bells*, ordered by the centinel at the cabin door, who had charge of the half hour glass for the computation of ordinary time and the watches' relief—no sooner was this signal heard than Mr. Shroud leaped on deck, the hands were turned up, "up anchor," and now might be seen trundling over the side into swarms of boats the said ladies; having bid their last adieu and resigned themselves to the sad necessity—a few minutes sufficed, and in half an hour the Apollo was standing out of the roadstead at the rate of eight miles an hour, bearing gallantly to the west.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ship goes to Sea.—The Watch called.—Things settle down in the usual quiet Order.—Various Sensations on quitting Port.

SUCH is the state of worry, distraction, and never ceasing fag of a first lieutenant of a man of war, when only in harbour for a few days to refit, that the moment he has the ship fairly under way again, is rather a blessing to him, most devoutly felt and returned thanks for, than a source of sorrow, as it much oftener is to some of the other officers.

That devilish engine of destruction to certain lively pleasures on shore the "*Blue Peter*" had been long enough up to give half of them the blue devils: but these sensations were various, and ran through all the chequered shades of character abaft the officers' bulkheads. Of the most shady, or dark, or gloomy complexion, might be classed all the "*idlers*," since they were not only oftener on shore than the rest, but had an infinitely more slender interest in certain *glories* and *monies* accruing from the discomfiture of the enemy. If then the lieutenants, and even the captain felt a little *queer*, together with the whole host of midshipmen and *youngsters* (that is to say, *young gentlemen* dignified with the name and quality of "ordinary seamen," or "*able*," or a salary of one shilling per diem, with other appurtenances too tedious to mention) at leaving these said pleasures behind them, yet did their minds expand with the bellies of the sails, into a wider range of thought, wherein fighting and prize money made up the chief ingredients. If the rustling of a stray petticoat might have been heard taking its hasty leave of any of those little cells or boxes, called officers' cabins, in the gun-room, yet were not the ideas annexed much more tender, or refined, or heart-breaking, than those attached to the hundreds before the main-mast, whose unceremonious exit has been already hinted at.

The Needles therefore were no sooner cleared, and the watch called, than every thing on board settled down into a pleasing and quiet order, commensurate with that second nature—custom. The ropes (the ship haul'd on the starboard tack), all neatly coiled, lie snug under the bulwarks, and filled up the vacant spaces between the guns, where they lie in regular spiral masses, as exact as the spring of one of Harrison's, or Monsieur Brequet's best watches. The decks, one and all, swept with peculiar care, left not a stray thread or yarn in the way of the officers, who now measured with a regular *quarter-deck* step the exact distance between the *binnacle* and the *fife-rail*—between which limits they trod with never ending indefatigability; the mate of the watch and his posse to leeward, and the lieutenant on the weather side, or from the side whence blew the *wind;* that mighty soul of the animated and majestic machine, that now threw the lusty surge in bold defiance from her bows, and sent it dancing and foaming *aft*, and all along her rounded side, like what shall we say—sparkling Champagne!—an insignificant simile; it was like nothing but itself, imparting a brisker feeling, more buoyant, more exhilirating far, to the frame of the contemplating officer, than all the Champagne in the world! so Rodman thought, whose watch it was, as he leaned on the gangway with his trumpet in his hand, and satisfied himself from the said brisk quality, that she was going at least nine knots an hour towards the field of action.

The captain had *sealed orders*, to be opened beyond the *Lizard*, which mystic symbol was in itself enough to stretch their hopes to the best cruizing ground, and all possible good fortune. Pleasing anticipations, which as they ran below, and were buzzed through all the cells, and at length were spread over the whole lower deck, diffused a general glow, and animated with martial fire even the peaceful Toby, who took an extra cup, just as he said, for success to the old girl (the ship), and in which meritorious quaff he was joined by all those off deck; just two-thirds of the whole, not to mention Mr. Gay, whose watch properly speaking it was, but who nevertheless contrived always to have the *watch below*, simply because he had an extreme dislike to that on deck; if he had wanted other very cogent reasons for non-attendance to his duties, such as getting himself put on the *sick list*—or having no hat to wear—or being asleep—or anything else which left him a constant succession of most excellent excuses, while the officer of his watch chose to admit them; and either did not miss him, or what was the same thing, was loth to break in on his "*otium cum*" ——"*dignitate,*" we cannot say.

But if this was the general feeling on the prospect of a *crack station*, the repiners mustered nevertheless in considerable force.

Imprimis—the purser: manifold were his reasons, and glory was, he found, much too empty to weigh against certain *balances* that always rejoiced his heart, in harbour—however, the scales were in the never ceasing employ of Weevil, his myrmidon and steward—who sat in greasy majesty, down in his shop in the cockpit, and doled out with great exactitude, the supplies of cheese, flour, beans, biscuit, and butter, and other items, of which he kept a most exact account—never having been known in the course of seventeen years use of the scales in his left hand, to have erred in the fiftieth part of a scruple, (against his or his worthy master's side, or where the lead was deposited)—the said weight, being instantly converted to black and white against *Jack*, through many ponderous folios, far beyond the research or comprehension of vulgar minds.

But if Sly was thus cruelly cut off from many comfortable cogitations, still was there consolation left—any small contract in a foreign port—fresh beef—no matter what—but if at the worst, the sea was kept for six dreary months—still there might be much mortality, by the enemy or the course of nature, when he could at least do the poor fellows the last sad offices after lieutenant Classic, at the gangway; and send them well stocked with slops and tobacco, which he made them chew long after, to comfort them on their comfortless journey to the other world—a pure act of kindness, which, with all his faults, malice itself could never give a false colouring to—and this was a source of consolaton to him.

Secundo—the schoolmaster had no stomach for the sea; the spirits he had to deal with, round the captain's table for his morning's amusement, were but so many infernal ones—nor were his slumbers unbroken by the horrid visions of wet *swabs*, *cuttings down*, *cold pig*, and *capsizes*, when in the purlieus of the steerage, and out of the hearing of *authority*—which sea visions, were strong now and then, as proofs of holy writ, turning to a reality, woefully depicted on his lantern jaws on the following morning, when turning out from his disturbed nest or *hammock*, he sat him down on his locker, *in querpo*—the very shadow of Don Quixotte, (on the night of the wine bag adventure) so besoused—so weary—so draggled—so woe-begone—that the waggish quill driver, who had enjoyed the fun by the way, albeit, unused to the melting mood, would not forbear giving some *fag ends* of consolation—such as—" d—n it Smallnouse, I'd not stand it—do you know who it was cut you down?"—answered by an emphatic "Wish I did!"—complain to the Captain of the young rascals"—then was sighed out—"ha!—its of no use—but I'll"—then would the unfortunate Smallnouse make a dread resolution, and betake him to a concoction of bohea—for the resuscitation of his inward man.

Tertio—but let us shovel all the rest together. There were next in order, who hated the sounds of "up anchor;" the marine officer, doctor and his mate, captain's steward, and indeed all the stewards, and all the "*idlers*" as we have before observed, a sort of amphibious animals on board, being as it were, neither flesh nor fish—who, as they had none of the duties or motives of sailors—so had they no sort of sympathy for salt water, and vacant skies—true they were not exposed to "the pelting of the pitiless storm," nor dragged out of their warm beds in the very "witching time o' night"—except in wanton prank—when nothing "yawned" indeed, but the watch below, *roused out* to relieve that on deck—nor had they any of the rough work pertaining to the handling of the vast machine in which their precious carcasses were deposited—but many of their profits were unkindly up rooted with the anchor; as were their loungings on shore and other luxuries; in which the *true blues* were very deeply initiated—we will leave this part and parcel of the Apollo's live cargo to condole with each other, and console themselves, according to their several tastes; and follow the captain down into his cabin for a moment, where, all being quiet, he had retired.

CHAPTER V.

Which treats of the Captain, and his Method of doing Duty, and other Matters of immense Consequence.

As a ship can hardly be said to be fairly at sea while there's any *fresh beef on board*, we shall beg leave to suppose the Apollo already some days out, and things, and feelings, and the routine of duty to have sunk down into the quiet *cruising ground* tone—each part corresponding and working together with as much regularity as a clock. The hero of this our tale (who, by the bye, we are not excessively fond of, and shall load with some few defects), was now something broke into the sort of duty expected of him, in keeping his half watch, and his patience and philosophy well exercised on more than one occasion by the young *scamps* or wits of the mess, some of whom had already shewn *him up* in divers forms to the great merriment of the rest, and under the sly auspices of the veteran clerk, Toby, who generally gave the cue.

Leaving then the steerage for a moment, we must look to people of more authority; no less than the captain himself—and supposing the period some days past when Mr. Shroud was sufficiently reposed from the real and unceasing fatigues of fitting out—but these are not the only fatigues of body and mind of a first lieutenant, on whom the weight of all the innumerable duties of a ship falls.

It has often appeared to us a matter of wonder that there has been nothing done to *sweeten* this most thankless of all drudgeries! Of late, indeed, some little change has taken place—but it is not enough, "for who would fardles bear to groan and sweat" in so enormous a disproportion *willingly*, as it is?—As to the *intervening commander*, it in no way mends the matter—it makes it worse—not only is his *consequence* brought a peg lower, but—avast!—Shroud was no longer pestered by the warrant officers, *master at arms*, midshipmen out of number—nor the complaints, reports, and consultations of the said dignitaries, mixed up with the conflicting inflictions on some three hundred of the mobility, or Jacks while in harbour.

Nothing on earth (we should say, on sea) can be more various than the internal economy of men of war; in short, there are just as many variations as there are ships afloat, all hinging on the disposition and peculiar rule of right, or rule of whim, of their respective captains; for as to "*general instructions*," they do not condescend so far. Looking to this fact, happy the officers and men, whose commander is a man of *good common sense*, as the basis of all that is likely to be desirable, and render barely tolerable one of the hardest and most tedious lives ever invented by the sons of earth. Out of some twelve or thirteen thousand officers, great and small, of our navy in the *regular line;* from the first squeaking white patch on the collar, to the three gold stripes on the cuff, not one, possibly, but has figured to himself the kind of man he would call a *perfect captain;* such a one, in short, (with an eye to the imperfectibility of human nature, and the common dose of vanity we all have in our own particular favour and estimation) as he fancies *he is*, or *has been*—or *will be*, should Heaven and his stars, shedding their benign influence opposite Whitehall, in the shape of a member, or a peer, or—no matter what, making its way between the two protecting and presiding sea horses—lift him to that envied summit—to what little purpose our pains, our resolves! '*O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane!*' what a sad falling off is there between the idea and the reality, but too often felt by the sons of Neptune!

But though nothing would be easier than writing a satire on the worst parts of the service, we shall rather look to its brighter members; to whom there is certainly nothing to be compared afloat in any other country; for shining and sterling good qualities; and first of the foremost, was the captain of the Apollo.

We have before observed, that Captain Oakheart had that good sense, knowledge of the world, and what is generally called *tact*, about him, that he was at once the man of fashion, or the stern commander, as circumstances and the scene of action prompted. But these *circumstances* were few, compared with the greater proportion of his time, in which he assumed, as it was necessary for the good rule and happiness of those about him, that happy medium in which the *just* magistrate was most happily blended with the kind and considerate *friend* of his officers and ship's company.—And to this end he allowed nothing to reach his ears or eyes that might interfere with a constant amenity of carriage as far removed from the insolent demeanour of *office* as it was from that sort of affected, short-lived *familiarity* which is too often its immediate precursor; and than which nothing is more shocking to a generous mind—in short, he never *interfered* either on deck or below, but where it was absolutely necessary—and that as much through the regular channel of the lieutenants as possible—without abating in the least from the greatest affability to all those who had occasion to come near him, whether on the duties of the service, or their own immediate and private interests; which occasionally happened down to the meanest of the ship's company.

We should run into the absurdities of some few *novels*, were we to say this fine fellow was without fault; as it is not in human nature, so neither is it desirable, at least we wish to have nothing to do with those imaginary faultless beings, who seem to have little *human* left in them. We must then confess, that long custom and universal example, made the captain partake of that undue severity towards the men for trivial faults, at that period thought by the whole navy, (and still thought so, by a scion of the English oak and lingering with some old hands among us still,) as the only way the men could be kept in subjection and proper discipline; thence there was a too unlimited power left with the officers throughout the ship, down to the smallest brat, of inflicting instant, and corporeal punishment for the most trivial mistake, occasionally; the severity of which was only moderated by the quantum of anger occasioned at the moment—this species of punishment, was generally inflicted by the boatswain's mate on the spot, either with his *rattan* or with a more cruel instrument "a *rope's* end," quite as severe as the Russian knout—it is however no less true, that though he did allow of this practice, he rarely or never caused it himself in moments of irritation; and in truth, there was somewhat less of it dealt out on board the Apollo, than any other ship of the fleet; the captain discouraging, from his own goodness of heart (and rather against his habits and judgement), these hasty and often cruel and unnecessary acts.

Most things in life are judged of by comparison; thence, though the discipline on board, would now a-days be considered severe, even cruel, it was then thought mild; and the captain was proportionably beloved by the men, who were not ignorant of the greater severity in other ships; comparing notes, as they took their turn, when in harbour, to visit old messmates and friends; and get, as usual, as drunk "*as David's sow.*" For Jack is happily ignorant of the "feast of reason," or the "flow" of any thing but good *stiff grog*, on these occasions. But though the captain partook in some degree of the common error at this epoch, he was the first to allow it to die away, giving birth to a more just, as it is a more humane mode of keeping up the necessarily strict discipline of a ship of war.

Much has been said inside and outside our two houses, about corporal punishment, nor is the question set at rest—who but must wish it could be done away with entirely, afloat!

who but must *know* that it cannot—in the army it is another matter, where they have the means of *solitary confinement* for slight offences—on board ship, this course is impossible—and tasks, and double duties, and a whole host of *slow vexations*, have been ingeniously invented in vain, *black lists* have been swelled to as little purpose—to *the gangway* they must come, and do come;—*shame* has been found a feeble engine, where seamen have one idea on that subject, and all the rest of the world another—stopping their regular allowance of provisions is equally futile as a correction, and carries with it infinitely worse consequences—it never should be resorted to—as to the men themselves, they are as much strangers to the fine spun sentiments, that fill the mouths of our *philanthropists*, as are the West Indian negroes to those about *liberty*—which with respect to the latter would only be another word for confusion and starvation, or a worse complication of horrors—thank heaven, the mania for *speechifying* has somewhat subsided on this subject—and never could have been in vogue among good natured visionaries; had they talked *less* about a mere *word*, ("slavery") and mere *ideas* of their own on the question—and *more* from *experience!*—

Thence, looking with the eye of *experience* at a more noble race of fellows; most officers know that they *prefer* a *prompt* and *calculated* severe suffering, to a tedious task! or a stoppage of *grog!* not one in fifty, but would cry out "O d——n my eyes, give us a *dozen* at the gangway at once; but no *black list*, no *stopping* a *feller's* grog." Besides, as to *tasks*, they are almost as vexatious to the *officers* as the *men*,—*business* and lists multiply as in the chancellor's court—and having a sort of *convicts* about the decks, busy at a needless labour, when there is quite enough to do in the regular routine of duty—and thought hardly used, by all the rest of the men, (for offences of all sorts are forgotten the next minute) is after all but an indifferent succedaneum; supposing the *positive stripes* could be avoided, but they cannot—these very men are *sure* in the end to furnish the ordinary periodical quota for the *ultima ratio.* That this number may be small or excessive, depends more on the *captain* than themselves.—Men throughout the service are pretty much alike, and are like household servants, *what their masters make them!*—we say the *captain*, and it would seem to fling a responsibility on his shoulders, unjustly disproportionate: But who does not know, among naval men, that the officers of the ship "*trim*" themselves as well as their sails, to the *wind that blows*—"*trim*" themselves, they must—if for the better, so much the better—and how many thousand various shades are there harmonized and finely blended, simply from the master hand—in fact, in whatever way duty is carried on, whether the men are peaceable, happy, and do their duty well, or whether the exact contrary is perceptible—one can never be very far out, in giving the commander the entire credit, good or bad—like the wheels of a clock, they will not go well, while the main spring is defective—though indeed, to carry on the simile, they may, and do *go*, after a fashion. But we must not swell this out to a dissertation on discipline, when our only object is to describe a man such as he was, an admirable *main spring;* and accordingly, all worked well on board, though certainly not with all that *suaviter in modo* (out of his cabin) that may be seen now a-days, on a larger scale throughout the whole fleet he commands. Such was the man, as connected with those about him, who now threw himself at full length on one of the sofa *lockers* in the after cabin, and began to "*overhaul*" in seaman's language, his scattered ideas.—*Going on shore*, has not indeed, the intoxicating effect on captains of ships, that it has occasionally on the men, and not unfrequently the youthful officers, who may be just released from a confinement of some six months, or a year, to taste of the goods of this world—but in a young man, it has some influence, and no where so marked, as when among the softer sex. We have noticed sundry *billet doux* that lie on his table, for they were still undestroyed; and over these, this generous man could not help heaving the fiftieth sigh, in that strict privacy, which not even the steward dare intrude on.

And here, occasionally for a few moments, he indulged himself in soft anticipations and regrets. There was, perhaps, hardly any one fixed object—for there might have been a dozen charming creatures, of whom he might have said "how happy could I be with either!"—but nothing braces and invigorates an enterprising mind, if a little love sick, like a fine breeze at sea! The immediate cares forced on the attention—added to anticipations of falling in with the enemy every hour—not to mention the mechanical duties which supply such a succession of ideas; that it is not to be wondered at; if it would, indeed, have required an angel to have long held the mind of the captain captive.

With sailors, as with other military men, much goes to love—more to glory; and the commander turned his attention to things of greater immediate consequence, or into those regular and enlightened channels of amusement, so absolutely requisite, for filling up the many hours of tedium on board ship, between one duty and another. Now, among other things (not to mention a good library selected and enjoyed by a cultivated mind) the captain was musical; he did not play himself on any instrument, but was no indifferent judge of good music, of which he was extremely fond; and, by way of amusing himself, as well as every soul on board, (for no people are more fond of "*sweet sounds*" than sailors) he had got together a very tolerable band, a dozen strong; led by a sort of broken down German *cidevant* soldier, who was fit for nothing in the world but to play the fiddle and keep the *band* in pretty good order; by dint of hacking the king's English, and many hard words. Generally speaking, the band was *pro bono publico*—playing for the men to dance in the *waist*, on fine evenings (in the *dog watches*, from 4 till 8), and sometimes a step higher on the quarter deck for the officers; where might be seen, the surgeon, footing it down the middle, in defiance of all time and tune, with *Weazel* the master; who, he generally chose, as the most *graceful* and *agile* of those in the gun-room. This pair hopped about something like a monkey and a bear, while the *mids* were in high glee, two and two, through all the crack steps, from *heel and toe* to the *andante swing*—each taking care to give this couple, and the purser and doctor's mate, who generally paired off, an extra accelerated twist, by way of quickening the circulation.

Thus were passed some of the idle moments of a summer's evening, while a gentle breeze, perhaps, kept all the sails *asleep*, and setting Phœbus tinged, with one bright gold the multiform and airy castles of the horizon, floating on their liquid circle, and tinged with ten thousand sweet harmonious hues.

But besides these occasions, the band, when the weather permitted, assembled at the cabin door, as soon as the cloth was removed, to regale the captain and his guests at their wine with a few airs, previous to *beating to quarters* before sunset. The mornings were set apart for *practice* abaft the skylight, where the most feeble of the *set* were broke in—with a world of "mine cots," by Mynheer Crochet.

But the most refined part of all the efforts of this leader, were his quartetts in the cabin, where the captain had them, to listen to some of Haydn's and Mozart's strains, not altogether badly executed—though, indeed, the *second* fiddle had more pauses and notes, than were to be found in the book, simply, because having come on board as ship's fiddler, from the qualification of having put in a passion many thousand pair of legs at *Point*, during a long course of years, and always to the tunes of "Bob's a Dying," "Drops of Brandy," "Nancy Dawson," &c.—all, most excellent melodies in their way ; and relished in proportion to their rapidity: for Jack's idea of music is entirely confined to "*presto*" and "*prestissimo*"—to the which he always undertakes to find *bass* with the rat, tat, tooing of his *heel and toe;* nor is this delightful harmony to be despised by those refined ears, who happly may have sat at an Italian opera, or died in ecstasy to the soft twirls of Anatole, a Brocard, a Taglioni, or a Paul, at the *Academie;* for which sort of stuff (such are the varied tastes of mankind) Jack has the most sovereign contempt. Thus then the second fiddle was but so-so at *andante* movements, to the great horror of the German—but patience does wonders, and he grew better every day.

The bass and viola were played by a couple of run away shopmen from a London music sellers; who having entered, found it much easier to put forth their acquirements this way, than keep watch and haul ropes in the *after-guard*, independent of the high honour of being admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum.*

Thus, then the captain passed not a few of his evenings, before he *turned in* (or went to bed) which he generally did about nine o'clock, or "*two bells,*" when bad weather, or an inclination to chat for an hour with the officer of the watch, did not induce hin to go on deck. In the morning, at half-past seven, (or seven bells) he regularly made his appearance, dressed with great nicety, just when the decks, having been washed fore and aft, ropes recoiled, hammocks stowed, and every thing in apple-pie order, he knew he was not *in the way;* for, as he made a point never to meddle with the petty details of the ship, where he knew the proper officers were competent; so he very properly imagined the officer of the watch would be more glad to see him, free from slops, coilings, trimming sails and disagreeables, than in the midst of it, where he had neither time to speak to him, nor feel wholly free from a slight embarassment at his presence.

In this, as in every thing else, he ever hit the happy medium; for there were occasions when he was on deck with the dawn; such as strange sails—suspicious manœuvres—signals made—or bad weather; when some of the spars carried away might induce him to be present, though not to interfere with the duty going on through the proper channels; when, if they were not quite as able as himself, he made it a point of never letting it *be felt*—as his lieutenants were, at least, *supposed* to possess every necessary qualification on these heads—and a vexatious display, on slight shades of difference, he considered not only beneath his situation, but unnecessarily humiliating—the end to be obtained not worth the pains.

He, indeed, was not one of those excessively smart officers, who *give orders* about a stray rope yarn—who can tell better than the officer of the watch when the sails want trimming; and wetting their finger and holding it up in a *calm*, can dictate exactly from what quarter of a point of the compass the wind blows! and themselves set to work to knock the sails about fifty ways uselessly thereupon; to the great vexation of the unfortunate officer in charge; and the confirmation of their own vast superiority in the eyes of the midshipmen and the watch on deck: such desperate clever captains always know better than the poor lieutenant of the watch, when the royals and flying gib should be taken in, or a reef of the topsails; whether all the backstays are equally *taut*, (tight); whether the ship is close enough to the wind or no; and, in short, not content with things visible on deck, ferret and rummage between decks and below hatches—swabs, hawsers and hatchways; tops, trucks, and tarpaulins, from the sky scraper to the *step* of the main mast; find all right or all wrong, only in proportion to their own ridiculous and unnecessary interference.

Not that Oakheart did not know perfectly every iota of this, and indeed, direct it, but in such a way through his first lieutenant, and thence through all the intermediate channels, that all those concerned felt some little pleasure and pride in being left, as they conceived, to *their own* pains, contrivance, or zeal; and thence things were not only *done*, but *well done* throughout; every body was satisfied—and *he* most, who without blustering and without effort, did no more than hint his wishes, and that generally in his own cabin, in the most quiet manner imaginable.

The hour for breakfast on board ship is universally eight o'clock, so that after a few turns in sprightly conversation, in which the marine officer, having adorned his person and got on deck, came in for a share, and perhaps the other gun-room idlers; the captain descended to breakfast with his guests in ordinary, viz. the first lieutenant, (who either is, or is supposed to be, up with the sun every morning), the officer of the morning watch, and one of the youngsters of the same, who are relieved just in time to partake of the good things at the captain's table—always a pleasing anticipation to the young gentleman, from an infinity of causes; and not the least, that when at sea, the meal that awaits him in his own berth, consisting of dry biscuit, and bad tea or cocoa, without milk, cannot be called the most sumptuous repast for a hungry lad, who has possibly gone to bed empty enough at eight o'clock, and got up equally so to keep his watch at four the next morning! thence, happy the dog towards whom the ambulating posse perceived the consequential-faced captain's steward direct his steps at that critical moment. In the meantime, the *mate* of the morning watch descended, nothing loth to the *gun-room* table —being the *guest of course* from time immemorial.

Whether these good old *rules* still hold good, it is not our intention at present to inquire, we can only hope so.

The captain's forenoons were generally passed in taking observations—sometimes of the sun and moon, sometimes of his *youngsters*, who, to say truth, were not in such strict regularity, nor could be calculated on with such exact precision as the former luminaries; and many was the pro and con and dismal tale to be heard within these sacred walls, where he sat more dreaded than where

"Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, Castigatque."

Here indeed *Tisiphone* did not keep the gate, but a very glum looking *marine*, who ushered in the *souls*, not dismissed from light to darkness, but from darkness to light; and likely to be exalted still nearer heaven—namely, to the *mast head.*

But their fears lay more in their anticipations than the reality; here they had no such stern judge, and they generally got off for the fright, or at most one of the *topmast heads* for an hour or two, where they were to consult the gods for their better guidance for the future; not but that truth compels us to disclose a more dire fate sometimes provoked, when—

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sœva sonare *Verbera!*"—

But of these pains and penalties wrung from the presiding judge, more hereafter; suffice it to say, that nothing but the last apparent necessity, and the supplications of Mr. Smallnouse, who thought his salvation or theirs depended on it, could induce him to proceed to such extremity; though looked on in those days by nineteen captains out of twenty, as a matter of course, and really very good fun! But we find it high time to bring this picture of the captain to a close; punishment, whether of the men or the *mids,* was always to him a matter of great regret; and rather in compliance with the supposed necessity from the complaining parties; where he was bound, on the shewing of certain delinquencies, to administer the usual corrective as a matter of strict justice.

If on the occasions of appeal to him, as we have observed in his cabin, he put on a stern exterior, it was at sad variance with his internal feelings, more prone to laugh at the details than otherwise; and thence very often his whole deportment was forced, for the accommodation of the conflicting spirits—at his table, and on other occasions his carriage was frankness and kindness itself—Serious on duty—for in truth a man, let his opinions on discipline be what they may, cannot throw off a certain carriage when *on deck;* which seems necessary, if only for the proper respect of the great body of the men; often turbulent spirits—and often, for the same effect on the younger branches of the officers, who have, generally speaking, rather a superabundant quantity of self-sufficiency, which they take most especial care to make felt, by every creature *below* them.

We are fully aware this is, after all, but a very imperfect sketch of one of the finest fellows that ever trod the quarter deck of a man of war—but it may happen hereafter, in following his frigate through the blue waters, that other points of his character will stand out in their proper relief; and that we may allow him, for the present, to repose with just so much of an outline as may give a general idea of the man who had the command of a vast variety of characters, good and bad; and to whose guidance the whole was submitted, with very many glaring inequalities, smoothed and made level under his watchful and experienced eye.

As the Apollo had been under his command for some time, the ship's company, mostly old and good sailors, worked well together; few of the men but were "*seamen*," and though they might do duty in the *afterguard* or *waist*, yet were they mostly equal to that of the *tops* or *forecastle*—hence the first lieutenant had little trouble, his *watch-bills* wanted few corrections, (which few were as instantly copied into the whole of the *mids*' books), and the anchor once up, and the ship at sea, all went on as regularly as a clock.

But however regular things went on on deck, however well the ship's company knew their duties and their places, there was one part of the ship, in spite of his vigilance and severity, that he never could keep in any tolerable order—a sort of *Alsatia* afloat.—Now this place was no other than the *steerage*, and the Alsatians, the midshipmen, who had a sort of prescriptive right to play all sorts of pranks, wholly at variance with good order, good government, and the known discipline of the ship—which were constantly set at defiance, night and day, within the limits of these dark regions—to the great annoyance of his Majesty's peaceable and liege subjects on its confines and borders—sometimes the *warrant officers* (staid and serious men), were the objects of their vagaries; sometimes the sentinel at the gunroom door; but as these were scions of government, as it were, sundry mastheadings had rendered them rather shy of encroaching on their *gravities*—but as there was a vast overflow of the mere animal in them, and of animal spirits—their wantonness was only cured in one quarter to break out in another.

The captain's steward, and next, the purser's mirmydon, had both been tormented in due turn by these invisible agents—sometimes in the sudden disappearance of a *cold fowl* or a *hot goose;* the latter, (though perfectly dead and roasted) one day, just as this worthy was whetting his knife (at his master's expence) for the regular dissection of the said bird—suddenly darted through the *bulkhead*, encountering his sconce "twice and once" in its flight, and leaving nothing to remember it by but a dab of grease on his *os frontum*—at other times, just as the steward of Mr. Sly (Weevil) had weighed with infinite care a pound of raisins ready for the next mess, they were invisibly twitched from their balance—the scale kicked the beam, the *glimm doused* simultaneously, leaving him in a most perplexing darkness, and with nothing to assist his strenuous efforts for the recovery of the said goods but certain *titters* and whisperings outside his shop, in the cockpit, and a scrabbling up the ladder ; where, if he attempted to follow, he was upset in a twinkling.

And here, indeed, had the poet contemplated this *server out of slops* sitting in his hole, with his countenance lit up but by one solitary rushlight, he might have exclaimed, "How far this little candle throws its feeble rays—so shines a good deed in a naughty world." The rays of the said luminous body never oversteping the threshhold of his shop, or cabin, and repelled on every other side by firkins of butter, cheeses, dip candles, and piles of biscuit, within a yard of the head of this officiating grub—might be said to be truly emblematical of the good deeds emanating from the spot, which were never known to extend a single yard beyond the said rays ; which were, as it were, deadened and concentrated in the person and atmosphere of the aforesaid Weevil or major domo of Mr. Sly. It was indeed a "*naughty* world" *without*, and well could he avouch it, from the sad fact of the greater number of kicks than ha'pence he received in the immediate neighbourhood; outnumbering the copper by at least half—or fifty per cent. But he consoled himself, in knowing he did not stand or rather fall alone! —The unfortunate *Smallnouse* was in the same danger of his life, from these nocturnal demons; hardly a week passed without some deadly complaint of being *cut down*—or a cold bath!—familiarly denominated *cold pig*, or both—with desperate *swingings* and bumps while composing himself to rest in his pendant couch or hammock, (a bed not excessively unlike the *hanging bird's nest* of North America).

Sometimes these devils incarnate tossed him out—yclept "*turning the turtle*," on the which the unfortunate magister saluted the deck without ceremony in the position in which all true believers salute the tomb of the Prophet, *i. e.* on his hands and knees and nose—and this not an instant after all the said members had been quietly deposited in the extreme opposite direction; and infinitely nearer the *beams*, or ceiling, than the *deck*, where they had now descended with a velocity equal to the squares of the distance and their specific gravity.

At the head of this band of wantons or night demons (for 'twas ever at the "witching time o' night") was Gay, when indeed he condescended to head them for the accomplishment of any very daring enterprise—which was, after all, oftener than any other oldster, as he was sufficiently idle and below to brew all sorts of mischief; while the others, rather more wary of the *occasional consequences*, enjoyed the jest without actively taking a greater part than laughing ready to split their sides—but there was never wanting an *animating soul* any more than a subject to exercise on for these spirits of night, in the shape of an *oldster*—and as they all liked the fun, all led by turn, followed and assisted by the *youngsters* not asleep, or the objects of the contemplated sport.

The day had passed on in the usual routine, the ship steadily plowing her way down channel, the captain had had the first lieutenant, Mr. Shroud, to dinner, with the marine officer, who was rather a favourite, and who, as his duties were entirely out of the business of the ship, and peculiarly his own, what little he had to do—the commander could make rather more free with than with the *blue coats* —the which envied relation begot him the greater number of good-natured quizzings. In addition, there were two midshipmen, one an *oldster*, that is to say, out of his *teens* and *rated;* the other a youngster, on whose chin no perceptible sign of manhood had yet sprouted forth. This youngster was no other than the unhappy Hawser, and the other gentleman was Mr. Tugjunk, who, as he had claimed him as a sort of protegé or "fag." from accident, he still extended a *friendly* eye to him; and when the steward, after giving the "captain's compliments—be glad of his company to dinner," was looking round for the selection of another (a sort of patronage he took on himself in spite of the regular *list in turn)*, he pointed out the new comer, observing that a *tuck out* would do him no harm, and thereon he was invited by the gracious steward in great form as aforesaid.

But as the said invitation leads to other and more serious matter, we must, in imitation of greater writers, and by way of giving our kind reader time to go on deck—or yawn—or if in some saloon at the west end of town, and looked on by a pair of lovely eyes, already exceedingly puzzled and fatigued with a strong admixture of jargon, as unintelligible as Greek to them, with which we have been obliged to lard this our story (as it is principally addressed to sea dogs)—we say then if any such lovely eyes do us the honour of glancing over these pages, we must spare them—for another chapter—give time for the toilet, or a visit—or possibly a little gentle flirtation—and open the continuation of this history in the following chapter, in the shape of an episode, as extremely conducive to the dignity of the narrative, and our own particular convenience.

CHAPTER IV.

Which treats of very grave Matters—and a Fracas, or Row, in the Midshipman's Berth—introduced by a sober piece of philosophical reasoning, which, however, leads to nothing but a mock Court-Martial.

Our beloved Shakespeare makes the abstracted and melancholy Jaques, tell us that man, in this life, "acts many parts." Not that, possibly, he ever contemplated the metamorphosis of a captain's clerk, invested with the double capacity of legislator and judge! few men could have supported this double load of care and gravity, with half the firmness of soul and purpose as Judge Toby—but before we speak of this our friend in his new capacity—one word *en passant*, as an apology for any weaknesses in him that may appear: this unfortunate world, is so constituted (we speak of those animals, *men*, who crawl on its surface) that it is impossible to get on withont coercive laws: A herd of cattle graze very quietly together, and most other animals carnivorous, granivorous, and omnivorous, without any fixed rule—not so men, who will rather gnaw each other, than their own bone quietly—thence, the millions of words written and oral, since the beginning of the world, simply to this one effect, to keep them from biting each other, and which seems nevertheless, to be a fresh springing never ending theme of discussion—since the most perfect of institutions in practice, does but contrive, with a two great complexity and multiplicity, to "*puzzle the will*" and make us rather, after all, hug "those ills we have," and look to early institutions, when men sat beneath trees in council, and took custom for law—than follow (except in tedious form) what has become a *dead letter*.

Thence, in spite of our two great refinement, we must and do come to a simple and primitive *rule of right*, founded on necessity; or a sort of *fitness of things*, which dame Nature helps us to, in spite of a whole life spent, in trying to do away her wise decrees. We cannot now, as we are in a hurry, go far back into antiquity, on this profound question; and besides, we have pressing reasons for not diving so far. The laws of the *Medes and Persians*, and those of the Greeks and Romans, had been doubtless studied by Mr. Toby, though we fear he had not consulted those nearer his noddle, at home, nor ever as much as laid eyes on Blackstone—when he was chosen by the elders of the larboard berth, in full divan, to draw up a *code* of *laws!* for the special regulation of its interior economy. Toby was by nature and habit, as we have before observed, a lover of the good things of this world; which he spared no pains nor expence (of conscience) in coming at, when it seemed feasible. Now, we all know, that hunger and thirst are the first laws of nature to be attended to; and without going further, like a sound legislator, he determined that all the energies of his soul should be devoted to their security, in the first instance—and *steering* clear of the ambiguity of the *common law* of England, or its enormous complication, he resolved to fix on these two points, as the firm basis of the *Toby code*; that he had a leaning to his own peculiar case, in the framing it might readily be overlooked in its extreme conciseness and perspicuity: there were in short, but two *crimes* contemplated as *possible*, and but two punishments for those crimes, *probable*—the formula ran thus:—

" *Imprimis*—Any member of this mess, who eats a single morsel, knowing that he *dines out*, shall be tried by a court martial for the same, and on the legal finding, shall be *firked.*

" *Secundo*—Any member who touches the rum, or swallows any portion of the contents of the *grog case* (knowing that he dines out), shall suffer such punishment as a *court martial*, shall in its wisdom serve out."

In addition to these two simple and wise enactments, there was one which had for its object an equal distribution of the *ardent spirits*, as very conducive to harmony, with a clause which forbade the approach of the younger tribe during the evening potations—but whether it was that Toby never could sufficiently perfect this regulation, or whether he thought more than *two* acts might puzzle some of the heads concerned, he never could bring himself to promulgate more than the *clause* which was put in full force on all occasions, with all the scrupulous severity of an upright judge, into which solemn office he had with great propriety been uplifted; as the elders could rely on his integrity and watchfulness, for the suppression of crime and its summary punishment—except only in such cases where the sin lay at any of their peculiar doors, in which case, like a wise, good, and merciful magistrate—he paused—and winked at faults which his great sagacity whispered him were incurable, or at so great a risk to his own carcase and dignity as might not be by any means desirable.. But these cases were extremely rare—first, because he was extremely scrupulous as to *evidence*, where any of the *upper house* were concerned, the lower house, or *brats*, not being admitted as legal evidence—like our negroes in the West Indies; and secondly, having a certain small infirmity in common with the greatest dignitaries of our land—this malady suddenly seizes on the *eyes* and *ears* when any thing disagreeable takes place, or appears, or is heard not exactly apropos—a sort of sudden blindness and deafness!—hitherto the faculty, as they have found it beyond their art, so have they forbore to give the said disease any specific name—but have allowed it to go under as many different ridiculous and vulgar terms as there are poor ignorants who may be annoyed by it—for the high and mighty parties themselves are never sensible of the malady, as it only seizes them by fits, lasts but a short time, and the pain, from a very singular provision of nature, flying from the *affected* to the *cause*—singular enough too, that it goes by the names of all the bad passions—some calling it *fear*, others dirty *pride*, others again *knavery*, *stupidity!* and *ingratitude*—be this as it may, the judge or lawgiver, Toby, was not to blame for this infirmity of nature, and not being aware of its presence, was not accountable to any human soul about the matter, since his judgments were thus rendered extremely palatable. We have run off into this digression to account for what follows. The *gentlemen* of the steerage were now *at dinner*.—A good pound of *duff* (or solid boiled paste, innocent of plums) now smoked on every oldster's plate, and *half* as much on all the youngsters', with the same quantity and proportion of *junk*, (or hard salt beef,) and the rapid disappearance of these piles denoted uncommon vigour of attack, when the steward aforesaid appeared!

—a pause of knives and forks ensued—but no sooner was the fiat known, than the stern guardian of the laws cried out—“Gentlemen, some among us have infringed the *laws*—it gives me pain—but by ‘*all the mysteries of Hecate and the night*,’ *kibes* ‘*must ensue*,’ I do, here of myself, solemnly accuse Mr. a—what’s his name, Hawser—or Horsehair—of unduly and unadvisedly eating and swallowing certain morsels of his Majesty’s prog, against, and expressly in defiance of the *code!* I say no more—there is a time for all things.”—Here Toby having tipped the wink round, looked solemn, hemmed thrice, and emptied his grog cup—

—A grand shout of “ha! ha! halloo! go it,” followed this august sally, from the whole table, except the culprit, who knew nothing about these stern laws—and Mr. Tugjunk, who, not relishing the notice quite as much as what he had just swallowed—muttered, as he threw down his arms, or knife and fork, that “for his part he could stick to a rule as well as another—that he’d forgotten it was his turn,” and concluding with a very significant satanic grin, and nod at Toby, that “people had better look to themselves, nor be so cursed sharp on others."—However, a still more obstreperous shout, in which Toby's answer was drowned, seemed to give it against him—and as in such cases provided for, the criminals were to be tried in the evening, before the members appointed, at the *board of green cloth.*

In consequence of this notice, and long after the two culprits had returned from the said excellent dinner with the captain, which we have before noticed, a court martial was solemly convoked, and while yet the skipper was enjoying the contemplation of ten thousand pleasing images by himself, about the hour of eight; or when the watch was called to relieve the last, yclept "dog."

But as we cannot without some previous detail, arrive at the disturbance that rolled aft towards him, we shall set to work to describe the said ceremony.

It has been observed that the *oldsters* generally met of an evening to discuss grog and politics, and certain *sea arts* and *sciences*, with sundry others pertaining to certain spots in Plymouth, Portsmouth, or Gravesend: but, this evening, as there were two delinquents to be tried, judge Toby hied him (though rather against his will) to invest himself with certain robes of office, to add to the solemnity of the scene; while the boy received orders from Mr. Billybuffer to put on the "*green cloth*," which green *baize*, being rather the worse for wear, was reserved for special occasions :—at the same time appointing a provost martial, armed with a sword, and aided by a protecting force, to summon the culprits before the court.

Four dip candles shone along the board, and on either side sat the *elders;* tuning their countenances to the occasion—that is to say, one side a grin, the other clothed in severity; which was the side turned to the younger branches, who sat likewise; though not to have a voice, but to assist in the execution of the sentence—in which consisted the cream of the jest!

Mr. Tugjunk had had the last *dog watch*, and loth was Mr. Lackwit to relieve him, so that he lingered till nearly one bell, or half-past; the furthest limits of bad relief *beyond redress*—when stalking up on deck, he found out Mr. Tugjunk, not in the sweetest mood, and rendered doubly valourous by at least a good bottle of the captain's port and madeira, which he had stowed away under hatches in his spirit room.

These gentlemen *mates* then, having approached each other, Tugjunk spoke first, and very politely d——g his *own* eyes, asked, if that was a time to relieve a fellow, "Just one bell?"—"I say," says the other, "Don't fret yourself, my dear fellow, you'll be down time enough for the *serving out*; they're getting ready, the *probo's* coming up after you."

"D—n the probo to h—ll" cries Tugjunk, "I'll not stand any gammon—let 'em try their hand at it, that's all!"—"Well, never mind my boy," cried the other, "you know it's tit for tat, you know you paid me off the last time we were out, it's all fair play you know, you're not to have it all your own way you know—but what's she going?" To this, the fearful Tugjunk growled out "*five and a half*" and to leave word to "call the first lieutenant at day-light"—and jumping down the ladder, was just in time to meet Gay, who, in cocked hat and side arms, as the said provost *marshal*, was with his myrmidons on the first step, coming to impart the wishes of his assembled *peers*, for the pleasure of his company.

Down they all went; the descending mate shaking his head and clenching his fists, with certain inarticulate sounds of defiance—And now behold them all assembled, with closed doors and blinds—Toby at the head of the table, elevated on a pillow (or woolsack) with *Smallnouse's* lank wig on, which he had borrowed with much ado, and over which, in spite of earnest entreaty, the flour dredger had been emptied; across his shoulders hung an old black *petticoat*, which had once belonged to a fair lady, and which had either been forgotten or had been detained by the said judge as a pledge of eternal love and affection—this being drawn by the string round his neck, and hanging down over his body, gave him on the whole, a most solemn and imposing presence.

Poor Horatio was stuck up on one side, as the meaner subject, he was to be tried last; his doom indeed, hingeing on that of the more formidable culprit, who, as he came in, and was given up with great form, struck his fist on the table, making it quiver again, and deranging not only the judge's papers, pens, and *books* placed before him, but the equanimity of his features; which albeit but just before he had screwed to a degree of edifying solemnity, but which now seemed rather unfixed; and from pale took a slight hue of green having taken up sympathetically the said quivering motion from the table; while the rest looked at each other, with various expressions—in which however the grin of pleasure was most predominant—After the said thump, Tugjunk thus delivered himself: "Well my hearties, you've got it all your own way, I know its all fair—oh yes!—fair enough! I want no favor—only mind what your about, that's all —as to the youngster mind ye, you have no right to touch him, any how, for he knew nothing of it—old tickle Toby! come, don't look so sappy old boy! you never told him of it—you must prove that, old herring-gut, eh!—and now get on,—and come to a close quickly, for I want to turn in."

To this the biggest, or greatest man in the berth (the caterer) returned—"Ay, ay, let's get on, it's all fair.—Mr. Judge, read the accusation—and then let's *consider*."—"Sit down, Tugjunk, you know it's no use kicking against the pricks!"—"What's the use of making rules if we don't mind 'em ?—it 'll be your turn some other day—come, Mr. Judge, begin !—Why don't you begin ?"

On this second note of interrogation, Toby (who "had sent out his senses to bring him in intelligences,") lifted with trembling hand a paper that lay before him, and having, as Hudibras again says, "goggled like an owl," muttered over a form he had drawn out, in which the said officer, Tugjunk, was accused of having ate of the dinner, and thé *thing* was to be judged.—Having read the said paper, Toby made a speech, as usual, pretty nearly in these words, though not without sundry hesitations and a certain whining, not usual on less impressive occasions.

"Gentlemen of the jury, and gentlemen all!—hem, hem !—I say—with deference to the prisoner"—Here the judge advocate begged to interrupt his honour, to observe, that the prisoner was seated and making mouths at his honour, and in contempt of court !—"D—n your contempt," cried Tugjunk rising, (nudged by the provost at his elbow)—"none of your nonsense—come old humbug !"—"There again, Mr. Judge—order! order!—" Order was now vociferated from all their worships—and Mr. Billybuffer calling out louder than the rest, accompanied by a still louder and harder thump on the table, at length restored silence—when his honour, the judge, proceeded thus—" Far be it from me in my official capacity"—" D——n your official capacity,' cries Tugjunk; " capacity for taking in rum, that's it old boy."—Here again all was clamour for " order"—which once more restored, his honour of the floured wig proceeded, while the culprit grinned a sort of defiance all round.

" Gentlemen I—I—I am loth to sum up the contempt of court or any thing to me—in particular, Mr. Prisoner knows I am unwilling to hurt his *feelings*—but the law must have its course as you say, hem! I would leave it to your worships to let off, for this time, Mr. Prisoner Tugjunk, and simply give a taste of wholesome chastisement to the younger, as a —hem! I apprehend Mr. Prisoner Tugjunk might have forgotten—but youthful memories are not to be so excused—and *I* will take upon me to say the laws have been sufficiently public—but if *I* am to be answerable for unpleasant finishings of the law!—why then, gentlemen, I say 'Othello's occupation's gone'

—I care for no man's frowns nor smiles." Here Toby seemed to be gathering courage—and "Well done most upright judge" resounded from all sides—" Not I," continued Toby, —" let the world wag. Gentlemen please to deliberate—hand round the papers."

On this, were distributed small pieces of paper—on which each member wrote the number of lashes (or none) the culprit was to receive—for *guilty* or not, was not a form of this august court. Guilty seemed implied by the bare act of trial.

These papers being collected and passed up in a plate, were inspected by his honour —who pronounced, that Mr. Prisoner Tugjunk was to receive twenty lashes, or firks, and the same for the youngster—either with a *wet stocking* filled with sand, or the burgoo stirrer, an implement something like a cricket bat.

At the end of the said sentence young Hawser seemed, (hitherto a pale and attentive listener) overwhelmed with consternation—while Tugjunk, clenched his fists and rolled his eyes right and left; the provost *comical* being enjoined " to *hold hard*, and do his duty." Now Gay, to whom all this was excellent sport, and whose prowess was, at least, equal to the fierce prisoner's, no sooner heard the decision than he proceeded to *man handle* (as they term it) his man, and passing in a trice a handkerchief round his arms, to deaden resistance, with the help of his aid-decamps hoisted him, in spite of furious oaths and kicks numberless, and fruitless struggles, on the table, the candles and cloth being *brailed*, or shoved up to the other end by the careful caterer.

While this feat preparatory was performing,, however, Mr. Tugjunk had contrived to lay fast hold on the venerable judge's black gown, or petticoat, from the immediate and fatal vicinity of his worship, and just as he was making uncommon dispatch to widen the distance between them.

Judge Toby, however, struggled hard to arrive at the other end of the table for the protection of Mr. Billybuffer, tugging with all his might to release the said robe, or petticoat, from his neck, which from the strings being round it, now caused an unpleasant tightness, neither desirable nor comfortable. In his efforts, his visage from pale green turned red, and next black, and at length he fairly roared for the "love of God," that he was choaking; and now a grand rush took place to his more effectual aid, for the provost (being a great wag) had for some time given him but feeble counter tugs, enjoying his fright and plight—one half the berth roared with laughter, while Toby roared with pain.

Smallnouse's wig meantime fell off into the "*slop kid*" in the corner, well stored with grease of pork and beef, and other liquids too tedious to mention; where it lay snug, till all was still, and its adherent flower, was converted into a rich paste: At this instant, and simultaneously with the said fall of wig, Toby by a desperate effort broke the string of the robe, and unable to check his *impetus* forward, darted his pate into the remains of some *dog's-body* or pease pudding, which with its greasy bag were stuck on a sort of shelf or dresser at that end where the boy of the mess officiated—had he got off with a portion of the said dog's-body simply adhering to his nose and eyes, (as when an unskilful artist takes a plaister cast of the human face divine)—it had been nothing—but unhappily three plates and a half that were not then quite whole, were doomed to be further mutilated, not without causing as they flew from the shelf, a certain scarification exactly on the tip of the noblest feature of the unfortunate judge's face.

At the sight, or rather feel of his own precious blood, and the confusion occasioned by the concussion, the disasterous law-giver thought his *own time* was come, and recoiling into the arms of the crowd in a swoon, was instantly brought to, and comforted by a dram, hastily poured down his throat from the bottle of Billybuffer. Meantime all was uproar and confusion, one party with the provost, while they held down Tugjunk, vociferated for the *wet stocking*, which another party were equally busy in getting ready.

In the meantime our hero attempted to make his escape, and take advantage of the clamour and confusion that reigned, by a short cut through one of the windows, but was hawled back by the leg by the arch urchin of a Welshman, who had on more than one occasion already annoyed him. Hawser, finding himself dragged in backwards in no gentle manner, forgetting his pristine fears waxed wrath at this new antagonist, (for the rest were all too busy on the chief objects the judge and the bear, to mind the youngsters), and no sooner was he inside once more, on all fours, than picking himself up with all expedition, he saluted the Welshman with a box on the ear, which was as instantly returned by a smart *facer*, as the fancy have it, and *to it* these two heroes went, to the great delight of that end of the hub-bub.

But though Hawser had the advantage in size and strength, he was no match for the fiery Welsh youngster at fisty cuffs, and very soon getting the worst of it was fain to give in, and examine the condition of his face, which he found garnished with a black eye and a bloody nose—both which he wiped and soothed in the best way he could, as he once more sat on the locker awaiting his turn for the *stocking*—which now ballasted with a pound or so of sand, was seen flying back in the air and descending with a vengeance on the greater delinquent's *stern post*, who bore the first half dozen applications without wincing--but it was no joke!—his patience and fortitude at length gave way, and making a desperate effort he broke loose from his moorings, and like an enraged lion laid about him right and left, blows which would have done honour to a *Cribb* or a *Spring.*

Many were the skulls and breasts that resounded responsive to the contact, but chiefly Gay's, who throwing down his sword, fell to work at *give and take* in real earnest—while the judge now recovered from his swoon by the application of the cordial—made a bolt out of the door in spite of the caterer Billy, but aided, indeed, by the same move of half a dozen more, who began to think things were rather *overdone*, and looked serious. In a narrow space like the spot, the scene of this scuffle, it is impossible that any thing like a *fair* fight could take place, and thence the mids hotly engaged, (for, what with mistaken *hits*, half of those present were now complimenting each other in this way) were rather pulling, tearing, and hauling each other, than doing serious damage, with the exception of Gay and Tugjunk, who had, before they grappled, exchanged several clumsy clouts.

As a matter of course, the steerage outside was very soon a scene of as great confusion as the berth; and various were the cross-buttocks and thumps, over the chests and under the hammocks, which last, indeed, received harmless some of the intended mischief.

Such a noise, such a row, could not be without an official interference; the ship's corporal and two or three quarter masters, and lastly several marines armed, now appeared among the combatants, and after much pulling about, and some knocks, succeeded at last, in taking possession of all the ***visible*** remains of the warriors; for the most part of them had got off—sufficiently tired of what they had already enjoyed, leaving the honour of the thing to a select few: namely, Billy Buffer, whose corporation had been sadly thumped—Tugjunk, Gay, the unfortunate novice, and the learned doctor's mate, who had his full share. These gentlemen were now all walked aft on deck, to the officer of the watch—the noise of their wrath had long since struck his ear, and the captain's, by whose order indeed, he had sent down to know what was the matter, and bring the offenders to condign punishment.

And now it was that this tide of noisy offence and defence, rolled aft well guarded, as we have observed. Rodman had the watch, and well it was for them that Mr. Shroud had turned in, and lie snoring to such a tune, as would have defied the whole main deck guns, double shotted, to have disturbed!

No sooner were they all marshalled to windward—followed by Mr. Lackwit, the mate, and all his youngsters, who crouded round them in eager delight, at such good fun, to spend one glass of a tedious first watch by, than Rodman addressing them, said:—"Well gentlemen, this is pretty work, one would think there was a mutiny in the ship—for shame!—and you Mr. Buffer—really I should expect more of you!—here is a pretty condition for gentlemen to appear in—O fye! upon my word, I am grieved at it, but this noise and riot cannot be passed over—the captain has not turned in, and has himself ordered you all to be sent for—indeed the whole ship is disturbed—what is the meaning of all this?—"

At this pause, the whole court lifted their voices, in crimination and extenuation, so as to produce so pleasant a confusion of tongues and meanings, that Lieutenant Rodman, was forced to order *silence*, and to beg one to speak at a time—on the which, the caterer related as near the truth, as the mauled state of his corporation would allow of, what we already know—adding, that he never countenanced certain foolish bye laws, at the head of which was to be found, the captain's clerk—that, for his part, Mr. Rodman knew the correctness of his general conduct, and he defied man or boy, in the ship, during a service of twelve years, to say he was the man to disturb a mouse ;—that some people were glad enough to get off, but that he scorned any underhand work"—(alluding to the hasty retreat of the august judge, doutless) "that, however, he must say Mr. Tugjunk was not backward in punishing others—and had no occasion to kick up such a row, when things were conducted with all due decorum, which he assured the lieutenant, he was witness to."

"Well, gentlemen," returned the officer of the watch, "I have nothing to do with your private affairs, but the steerage must not be the scene of such scandalous disorder and bad example, to the men—" Here he was interrupted by the doctor's mate, whose pudding head, had been somewhat enlarged by sundry thumps he had received, not one of which, could he trace to the identical fist that he had felt; except one from the left paw of the chief prisoner; and pointing to him, he begged he might be done justice to, for the outrage—for that, "For his part, though he sat in deliberation, yet had he not stirred from his seat, when the said gentlemen had assaulted him, as you see, sir—" so saying, he indicated with his finger a livid mark, or signature of the contact of hostile fist on the *os frontis*, and displayed altogether such a rueful countenance, that Rodman could hardly keep himself from laughing outright — however, commanding his features as well as he could, —he told the son of Galen, that he supposed the blows were given at random, and that he could not make exceptions, where all seemed to have mauled each other, with equal goodwill—which must be put up with for their pains—and for the which, they must be equally punished, as having, from whatever cause it sprung, equally disturbed the discipline of the ship—that Messrs Gay and Tugjunk, must consider themselves under an arrest — Mr. Taffy, the welch youngster, and Mr. Hawser, were to go to the mizen top mast head for that watch—and that the doctor's mate and Mr. Caterer Billybuffer, must return from whence they came; as it would be necessary, to report the whole to the captain, for his decision, in the morning.

Some of the party were soon out of sight, down the ladder, on hearing this mild sequence—Mr. Tugjunk, and Gay were not quite so well pleased—and as for the youngsters, they were still less so—instead of the delicious slumbers of the *hammock*, to rock on that detested perch—a crosstree!—however, there was, alas, no choice, and up they went; Taffy soon cleared the *futtock shrouds*, and got up to the best birth on the crosstrees, where tying himself fast, he went to sleep presently, from the which he never awoke till midnight—while the unhappy Hawser having reached the top, through *lubber's hole* (for he had not yet learned to climb like a monkey) attempted no farther elevation, but under favour of the darkness of the night, stowed himself away snug under a sail, where for some time he lay awake, pondering how he should revenge himself on Taffy, and wipe out the disgrace of allowing that scamp, so much smaller than himself, to have got the best of it—this, and the pain of his eye, and the smart of his nose, kept him long thinking—and then came across his memory, *home*, still, "*sweet*, home," and though to him it had been somewhat irksome, still the difference to the life he now led, made it in his mind's eye, without a fault!—he made fifty resolves, could he once escape this vile thraldom, and hardships, and servitude, that seemed, if passed as wretchedly as the last week; between waking, and watching, and sea sickness, and starvation, and quizzing, and brutality of all sorts, from the oldsters—whose rule of right was measured by each man's strength—seemed to him, if spun out to a simple *six years*—as six centuries to come!

These cogitations, were an instant after interrupted, by Mr. Lackwit's hailing the top. Horatio lie breathless, while he heard "Top a hoy!—Mizen top there!—"Sir!" said one of the boy *top men*, who kept half awake while the four or five others took their nap—"Are those gentlemen at the mast head?" "Say, yes, that's a good fellow," whispered our hero starting up, "and I'll give you a glass of grog on Saturday night"—"Sir," reiterated the topman, while he listened to the grog account—"D——n your eyes, are you deaf; I'll pick your ears with a crow bar, and be d——d to ye! are the gentlemen at the mast head?" "*Yes,* sir, yes, sir—"At these welcome sounds, Hawser once more rolled himself up; and, oh! with what pleasure did he address himself to sleep; and soon forgetting all prospect and retrospect, was happily not disturbed till *eight bells*, (twelve o'clock) when the same lad rousing him up, he crept down just before Taffy; to whom, however, he said, as they went down to their hammocks, together—"Perhaps, another time, Mr. Taffy, you won't have so much to brag of—" to this, the other replied, grinning, "You'd better try your hand now, if you haven't enough—" and besides, he was in more dread of higher authority—which as it sat new on him, seemed more weighty,—though to his Welsh antagonist, who had long felt it, and who cared not a fig, for the *mast head*, where he knew he could *caulk* (go to sleep) as well as in his hammock; and this was the only sort of punishment, the youngsters had to dread—save for some intolerable piccadillo, when "the *gun*," (flogging at the) was held in terrorum over them—and that too, over a part, where it is said *honor* is more sorely wounded than elsewhere.

Nothing of note occurred on the earlier return of the parties to their hammocks, except the following dialogue between Gay and Tugjunk, which may give a taste of their different feelings, and the higher tone assumed by those finer gentlemen.

"Mr. Tugjunk," said Gay, as he took hold of the *baton* to spring into his hammock, which touch'd the *cot* of the other —"Don't Mister me," says Tungjunk— "Yes, sir, I shall," said Gay, a good deal annoyed at what had passed, though seldom indeed put out of his way by trifles—but *blows* and an *arrest* were not so common —and his temper, otherwise sweet, was now something sourish—"Don't imagine, sir, this can drop here, you had no business to strike me at all"—"Well, you struck me too," said Tugjunk, who was by this time got in his cot, "and that's quits, come, there's no use in making any more bother about it, what's done 's done; if it hadn't been for that damn'd sly old fox, there'd have been nothing of it, him and his stupid reg'lations."—"As for this or that, how it began," returned he in the hammock, "set that aside, you struck me, and we must settle it like gentlemen—no man under Heaven shall strike me while I can handle a sword—without giving me satisfaction—besides, this is not the first time you've tried to carry it by brute force—which shan't answer with me"—"That's a lie," says Tugjunk, "I'm no more brute than you."—"Enough, sir! enough, sir!" cried Gay, who at this last gentle retort seemed greatly moved—"as you can't converse like a gentleman, I shall find a time and place to talk to you in another strain"—"Strain, my a—e, let's drop it, I tell you—it's my morning watch—I'll thank you not to keep me awake, then turning round he muttered something about paying up old Toby *for the old and the new*, cunning as he thought himself"—he dropped asleep, and shortly after Gay probably did the same—for presently nothing was heard but snores—throughout the vast expanse even into the ship's bows, of thick hanging hammocks; every *other one* teeming with *still* life; those empty, belonging to the watch on deck, who took care however, unless in very bad weather, to lose nothing of "*nature's sweet restorer*," being perfectly indifferent as to whether it was enjoyed in hammock or on the planks under the weather bulwarks or about the *masts* and *bits*—except indeed that *there* they were ever and anon roused up by the boatswain's mates and midshipmen to trim, make, or take in sails, &c.

And here it might not be out of place to observe, that there might be sundry exceptions made to this universal system of *caulking*, or napping, during the watch on deck; like all exceptions to very good general rules, in which those *tales on the lee gangway* or on the forecastle flourished as delivered in the most prolix brief tedious manner, first by one and then another of those jacks whose retentive memories helped out with at least fifty per cent. of their own invention, would occasionally keep a select few from off their *beam ends*, for perhaps a couple of hours after the watch was called—or possibly in the intervals of very squally or cold weather, when the said *penchant* for a good sound nap was unhappily too frequently broken in on by those disturbers of rest, the boatswain's mates —"*to haul aft this, clew up that*," &c.—but with all our nautical experience, never have we been enabled by any process of alchymy, to extract any thing from such goodly yarns, very circumstantially delivered as to time and place—the pith or essence of which would be likely to entertain our kind reader; with every deference, however, for those tales of the *night watch* and others, said to have been overheard, and with which the public have been for some time made familiar, such as the "*flying Dutchman*," off the Cape of Good Hope—certain spirits and goblins, seen in the wake of the Admiral Blanket's ship, in and near the Red Sea, on that officer's demise—but the great favourite of these story telling tars have ever been of Jack the Giant Killer and his seven league boots, with a certain fair *cretur* of a princess—this never-ending yarn, spliced on to strange extracts from the "*thousand and one nights*," so bedevilled that the original would never be guessed to have formed the substratum of such monstrous incongruities.

Such then, and such only, should we be able to retail on the present occasion, had we the power to transcribe them—but the art is, we freely confess, beyond our poor abilities; nor need we rush into a field, which, if loaded with a golden harvest, is already possessed by earlier adventurers—and as we have observed, the stuff ground down by certain mills, and mixed up by those purveyors to the public appetite, who have, by commanding almost the whole press (or bakehouses) of the empire, generally dictate what is and what is not wholesome food for the voracious public maw—

—Tickled too by the sauces of never-ending and unblushing *puffs* in the daily papers, in an infinity of *shades* or *affectations* of candour—from the extreme oblique to the bold confronting criticism—where a small fault is found by way of introducing "*great beauties*," which they undertake to assure the said public, upon their poor gentlemanly honours! —but to return from the monopolizing shops of these people—Jack's stories on a fine night happily do not occupy a fiftieth part of the time employed in sheer caulking, or sleep—a great blessing!—since in truth, where they do take place, they are most insufferably dull.—

CHAPTER VII.

A short one.—About a Wig; *or, much ado about nothing*, with a sketch of one Simon Dozey, a private marine.

If, however, this whole range of deck be buried in sleep, there were one or two individuals that formed an exception, namely, Toby, who had been communing with unpleasant thoughts, running through a curious concatenation of confused ideas, wherein were found prominent the fearful fist of Tugjunk, and the check there might be to his elevation to the envied post of *purser* in some small brig; in which craft he knew that by hook or crook he could make himself a comfortable £200. a year, besides windfalls, and his pay from His Majesty! long had he waked and pondered on this, with one ear (not a very short one) hanging out over his hammock, to collect the sounds of the party who had gone on deck, and finally, come down again—apostrophising him as they got into their hammocks in the different keys of their various sullen moods; to all which, however, he very wisely made no reply—but counterfeited a sound sleep to admiration, as they growled round him, like the jackalls of the east round a stray sheep.

A gentle dose however had nearly closed his meditations; while the other individual Gamiel Smallnouse, still lay broad awake intent on a peculiar and a fixed purpose, which was no less than to set out in quest of his wig, it being excessively necessary for the furnishing or garnishing his pate on the following morning—he had let it go from its perch with extreme difficulty; not a whit moved by the reasoning and eloquence of the clerk; but rather urged by certain small good turns the latter might do or withhold, so that he knew it dangerous to disoblige him;—besides of these two heroes, he of the quill was the *abler* man, and might bring it to an arbitration, in which all human ratiocination was of little avail; even had Smallnouse been an over match for him at it—a moot point—he therefore had given up the said wig with many prayers and injunctions for its safe keeping—

and when (having gone to bed, to be out of the way of uncongenial strife and noise) he heard the sudden irruption, and precipitation of the judge and the court as aforesaid—his fears for his wig, to say truth, balanced a number of others extremely urgent concerning his own bodily safety, while the battle raged; however *he rode out the gale*, as sailors say—that is lay still—till all was over, and hearing Toby busy at getting to his own bed not far off, had repeatedly addressed him in all possible tones from "*lively* to *severe*" in quest of the borrowed hair, or at least to know what had become of it—to the which he had received no sort of answer—for at least an hour, when the clerk gathering courage as the *rumpus* died away, and allowed him to collect his scattered ideas, he at length condescended to curse his bother about his rats tail, which he was sure had been the cause of all the disorder from the natural antipathy they had to it, that he'd not pick it out of a gutter, not he; that it was safe in the berth, where, if he was in such a devilish hurry for it, he might go find it! Pondering on this gentle response did the sad magister turn and turn him till past midnight, more than half resolved to go himself in quest of the lost article; to him of such vital importance.

For we have noticed before the unhandsome appearance of this said gentleman, as respects the gifts of nature—a long sallow pock marked face—a long ditto nose, begrimed with snuff—and a retiring forehead, and crown entirely bald, might indeed, have borne looking at fast enough, but that he feared the sudden change might place them in a too ridiculous light to the younger fry, till then accustomed to see his head, such as it was, encased in the said periwig: which though it added nothing to his expression, yet had they already expended all their jokes upon it—and it had no more to fear; besides it kept him warm—but indeed, he had other reasons, and to crown all, a partiality for it, which nothing perhaps but a good fifteen years intimacy could have excused, or wore out in the eyes of the *sea world;* little disposed to make allowances for weaknesses of any sort, and a mortal enemy to all kinds of *terrestial art.*

And now it was, that amidst the darkness and silence that reigned, finding all quiet, he got out of his nest, first on a chest, then regaining the deck, he groped his way, much such another figure as Don Quixotte, on the night of his memorable adventure of the Duenna.

If Smallnouse had not the quickest wit in the world, he had, at least, sufficient sagacity to find out the door of the berth, where he hoped to find, carefully deposited, his precious property—and long and vainly did he feel and grope on the seats, and lockers, and shelves, among the plates, without encountering any thing more like what he sought than the *bag* of the said *dog's-body*, we have before noticed, with the impression of the clerk's phiz, as well preserved as if done at Florence, —and he sat him down on the caterer's short bench, near the spot, in utter dispair and shivering with the cold—for it is not to be concealed that this teacher was *in querpo ;* having nothing on his meagre frame but a very short coarse shirt—rather resembling a flannel "*banian*" than any thing else ; as did its master, one who had seen nothing but "*banian days*" (bad cheer). Here, however, he had not sat long pondering, on what corner or spot he should explore next and cursing the clerk, the court-martial, and the whole set—when he thought he heard a noise, as of one creeping softly towards him—naturally superstitious, at this dread hour, the wig only flew out of his head to make way for a ghost; and as he stooped down to listen in trembling anxiety, the small quantity of grey hair still left on each side above his ears, took an erect position, standing an end at this mysterious intrusion.

And sure enough a body did approach—not, indeed, of the upper world, but one which often occupied the very spot now filled by the trembling schoolmaster. This (not to keep others in cruel suspense) was no other than the boy of the mess, who occasionally, when all was quiet, stole into the berth in the faint hope that some few drops of rum might still linger in the bottle—how often he had been deceived did not damp the eager desire he had for fresh trials, determined (as he had as great a love for this nectar as any of his masters) to drain off whatever he could find; and now and then to be sure, a stray gill or thimble full repaid his nocturnal revisitings and drainings. Now, though the very devil himself could not have frightened this imp during daylight, and resolutely bent as he was on his purpose—yet was he no less scared than Smallnouse, when feeling for the *where-*

about of the case, he clapped his paw on the meagre and cold toes of the apalled magister—which with the convulsive grasp of fear he gave such a tweak as made him roar again, springing to the opposite side, and wrenching his foot from the clench of this new annoyance, he blessed himself from Satan and all his train, with astonishing devotion—the sentinel (one Dozey) at the gun-room door hearing these terrific sounds, partook of the alarm, but not enough to prevent his calling out "Who goes there? who's there, eh?" To which the ghost, as he backed out, sufficiently rallied to answer "'It's only me, Dozey, Jem!" which no sooner struck on the tympanum of the panic struck gentleman, than he hollowed to the retreating demon to come back—"You vile scamp," cried he, "what are you doing here at this time o'night, eh, sir?" "O, is it you Mr. Smallnouse! I thought it was the *old one*, sir! sir I comed to see after the things,"—"I'll things you,"—cries the first; "Come here, sir, and help me look for my wig—have you seen it?" "No, sir!" "Well go and get the sentry's light a moment, that's a good man, and help me find it."—And now with the help of the said light was seen the long wished for concern in wretched plight—and taking it carefully out of its resting place with his finger and thumb, Smallnouse, contemplated it for some moments in silent consternation! at length he exclaimed "My God! what *am* I to do!" "Oh, sir," says the boy, "I'll fix it for you in the morning, and make it as clean as a hound's tooth, I'll boil it for you the first thing."

"I'll boil your head, you vagabond you" returned the sufferer—at which the other grinned from ear to ear, as he sneaked off to his hammock.

And now poor Smallnouse taking the light and his wig got into his own cabin, where with a spare quart of fresh water and some soap, he busied himself till the night was far spent in partially getting off the thick coat of all sorts of filth, grease and flour, with which it was well saturated; spite, however, of vast and unwearied labour, partly owing to the small quantity of fresh water to which he was restricted, (for the whole ship's company were on an allowance of half a gallon per man a day, the officers not excepted), and partly to the tenacity of the unctuous particles keeping their hold with most provoking obstinacy.

The wig, alas! over and above a very unsavoury smell it had acquired, was far, very far, from its *statu quo*—and more resembled the flayed skin of a drowned hedgehog than spruce peruke! in this vile extremity, Smallnouse bethought him to call in the aid of the said sentinel, Simon Dozy, who, by long drawn hard breathings, as he sat with his head on his breast at his post close by, gave indication of being extremely on the *qui vive.* Dozy was a *galoot*, or one of those raw recruits serjeants are plagued with—and plagued enough had the serjeant been with Dozy, but at last he had drilled him into something ship shape, and bating an extreme slowness of movement which brought his firelock up, when the rest had gone on to the next position—his leg behind when it should be before—Dozy was altogether (except when on duty, which he had a natural antipathy to)—a sharp fellow, and in his mess was accounted a very dab at pipe-claying a belt, and black waxing his cartouch box.

Dozy had little curiosity, and was, sooth to say, more inclined to cultivate a nap than any closer intimacy with the schoolmaster's cabin, where he had for some time heard divers scrubbing and rubbings, and ejaculations.

How long he had been lost in pleasing oblivion, it is hard to say, but he felt himself suddenly called into action by a sharp tweak o' the nose from the soapy fingers of the aforesaid artist of the vigil; who, having called thrice upon the sentinel with no more effect than Cadwallader in calling spirits from the vasty deep, strided forth and made free with the proboscis of the recruit, as the shortest method of awakening his *attention*.

" Dozy," quoth he, " the ship might be a fire"—" a fire!" cried Dozy, starting on his legs, " the Lord forbid, sir, where?" " No such thing, you fool, I say one might be burnt or drowned, and here are you fast asleep at your post!—do you know, sir, it's *death* by the articles of war? come this way, I want you to help me do a small job, my good friend," (softening his tone), on the which he led his man to where lay the wig, dripping in soap suds — " you see, Dozy," continued Smallnouse, " a small accident has befallen my wig, I cannot for the life of me get it clean, or the grease out of it—do you think you could manage it? Try, that's a good fellow, what think ye?"

At this soothing appeal, Dozy opened his eyes full on what lie before him, and as he conceived it touched his craft in the art of cleaning, put on a look of considerable wisdom, and taking up the subject matter, and turning it round from side to side, and looking with consummate gravity, first at it, then the magister, thus addressed him — "Why zir, as for the matter of this here, it's entirely out of my line, howsomdever, if there be any cleaning in it, I can do't, I'm sartain, zir, only you see zir, this here, the pipeclay as I uses is under the sarjeant's hammock, and its more nor my life's worth to 'sturb him at this time o' night, and I can't leave my post, you knows, zir—but if so be you could go for't—you'll first get under the table, then round upside and cant over Thumas File's knapsack, and George Stiffty's, and Sam Snout's knapsacks—you'll come right over the corner o' the *knee* where I keeps my tool box, a leetle more for'ed under the *carling* ye'll see"—"See the devil," retorted Smallnouse, his patience worn out with such an intricate errand—"is there no other way of doing it?

I'll not have it stuffed with pipeclay, do you think you've got a—one of your own belts to deal with?"—"Oh no, zir, oh no, zir, by no means," cried Dozy, "they be, zir, quite different—that's sartain—but, zir, pipeclay I make bold to say—pipeclay cleans a power o' things, only I never know'd it make no difference in the matter of smell, zir, this arn't over sweet, (putting it to his nose), I never had to do with the like in my born days!" This pleasant sally of Dozy's nearly upset the equanimity of the pedagogue, who, despairing of any help from his coadjutor, thrust him out of the cabin without ceremony, and hanging the unfortunate cause of his untimely vigil on a peg to dry, betook himself, without further accident to his roost, blessing himself from the devils incarnate, he was thus by his ill stars thrown among, and wishing himself with all his soul, once more back at his own village in the North of England, where erst he kept a small day school—until some evil spirit had induced him to roam to London; from whence he had retreated half starved to that common mother of the pennyless, aboard ship.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which things are settled very much to the Satisfaction of all Parties, except Mr. Shroud—and a Goose is sacrificed on the Altar of Oblivion.

ENDLESS were the jokes of the youngsters on the following morning, levelled slyly at the hapless wig, as it hung in the schoolmaster's berth—as well as at its owner, who, with his head tied up in a handkerchief, now turned out with the rest, at seven bells, (half past seven, when the hammocks are piped up) and sat on one of the chests like "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief" Instead however of smiling, Smallnouse put on an extra severity of countenance; well aware what certain hints and allusions meant, though none of his scholars dare quiz him openly, on his mishap, or the woe-begone and ludicrous appearance he now made as he betook him to a last effort for the recovery of his second head.

But Toby, recovered from his bodily fears of the night, was much more facetious at his expence, and launched out, as he in common with all the rest, washed himself on his chest, (each person's chest serving as toilette, wardrobe, drawers, and closet) into a number of apt similes; observing that he supposed he was going to be laid up in *ordinary* as he'd got his *cap* off the mast head, ready for a tub or harbour thatch! that he'd thank him for the change, as the wig was now worth twenty guineas as a *caul*—no fear of drowning that cruize! and that he'd undertake to strike a bargain with Levi, the jew, at Stonehouse, when they got back to Plymouth.—"Mr. Toby," cries the smarting magister, "your head, or cap, had need of such a covering, since you have long since been laid up ordinary enough—and a thin sprinkling of grey hairs is but a poor thatch let me tell you—it is the last time I shall put it in your power to play me such a trick—whatever tricks you play—"

"Come come," retorted Toby, "don't be down in the mouth, I'll make you a better wig—by all the gods, I will—the first time old Pipes (meaning the boatswain) cuts up junk!" "I say," says the boatswain, who happened to be down seeing the gentlemens hammocks up, and for the exercise of his *knife* and authority in *cutting down* such as were not instantly lashed up—"I say, old *hard a weather*, axe him where he's stow'd that ere robe de sham—he stole from Sall Twicelaid in Plymouth?—my eyes! quill driver, you were hard up last night—well ye bore up, or ye'd have been upset in the squall! why did'nt ye take a reef in the black petticoat afore ye set it?" to this wit, the steerage inhabitants responded pro and con by tokens of encouragement, grinnings and the exclamations of—"there you hit him hard, old buffer"—"never say die"—"the quill driver can floor him yet"—"well done pedagogus!" &c.

In such merriment, did the hot water for breakfast find the juvenile set; when each betook him to his biscuit and bohea; or to relieve the watch on deck, or to secure a slice (if any left) of the remains of cold junk from the day before; for the better relishing of the said hard biscuit and bohea tea, sweetened with brown sugar, without any tinge of milk—not being in that *latitude*, as Pipes observed.

Gay, as was usual came in last—just out of his hammock in time, after sundry warnings of the boatswain—to see it *cut down* and hauled on deck, neck and crop—that is without any sort of ceremony, in which the pillows, sheets, odd boots, the mattress—cut clewes—and were all made up in one confused bundle, to be thrown in under the booms—as it could not make its appearance in the regular line of those lashed up, according to rule.

At breakfast, a stormy debate quickly arose, but so many spoke at once, and so few *listened*, that it is impossible to transcribe it here—suffice it to say, it fell on the merits of the last night's affair—and the gist of the whole, at the end, seemed to point in a speedy vengeance of offended Tugjunk, on Tickle Toby, as they termed the late judge—and that "*he'd be up with him before long, d—n his eyes else*" to the which, the hoary clerk, retorted a faint defiance; muttering something about *complaining* if he was any way annoyed.—The spar between Tugjunk and Gay, as they had a sly respect for each other, kept cool for the moment—as for poor Horatio, he said nothing; more intent on reducing the blackness of his eye—than on revenge of any sort—

and numberless were the quizzing specifics that were proposed.

The caterer and doctor's mate, and Gay, had still something to think of, since the affair had not yet terminated with the higher authorities, and they knew a further *eclaircissement* must take place in the course of the morning; most of them however, condemned these bye laws and their maker; as the cause of the whole row—and some hints were thrown out, that it was best to drop them for the future; since they were productive of no fun, (the great end proposed) and as for the extra thumps and punishment—it might as well be laid on in a good round game of "*able whackets*" in which they could make each other wince again, without any form, or requisition of fists.

We must now ascend a step higher, where, on the quarter deck, about this time, Mr. Shroud was, with great warmth of gesticulation, reporting to the captain, as they took a turn together, this very identical outrage of the night before; observing that he hoped he'd make an example of some of the ringleaders, who, for his part, he thought should be *disrated* at least—for Mr. Shroud had not the least idea of making any sort of allowance for youthful sallies—every crime in his eye carried with it its certain punishment by usage; from the simple cane, and mastheading, to disrating and flogging; as sovereign specifics for all sorts of misdemeanors.

Now, in this the captain and he happily thought diametrically opposite; yet, though with a single word he might have silenced the urgency of the first lieutenant's reasoning, he rather preferred appearing to listen to his idea of the subject, with that delicacy which marked all his conduct to his officers—well knowing, that however he might palliate the blow—that the first lieutenant having the whole discipline of the ship thrown on his shoulders, and indeed being in some measure accountable for it—he could not well interfere without doing so in such a way as not to take things out of the hands of his major domo; independent of right or wrong; and not to mention the disgust he might occasion, and the real injustice he would thus do the officer whose every moment is given up, in many instances, to the most indefatigable drudgery, when the rest of the officers are comparatively enjoying themselves on shore—or in a total carelessness of how things go on on board, provided they get through their own particular duties.

Thus then, though he laughed in his sleeve at the whole tale, very carefully exaggerated as delivered by the first lieutenant, (Rodman had reported to him nothing but the simple facts, something extenuated), yet he observed that he entirely agreed with him ; the parties must not get off without some further mark of their displeasure; adding, "what shall we do with them, Shroud? disrating is too serious, as the whole affair seems to have been brought on in a ludicrous manner enough by my clerk's *legislation* among them, (the steward had told him all the particulars, the same night as he hung and made up the cot.)

" Have you heard how it began ?"—" Who, *I* sir! not I indeed—but I know I am continually annoyed by the noises carried on in the steerage, and particularly in the midshipmen's birth, and I am constantly sending the sentry with orders on the subject, which, however, are paid very little attention to after the moment." On this, the captain very good naturedly told him the story, something high coloured, as delivered by his steward, and at the part where the unhappy legislator and judge was roughly handled, he couldn't help laughing heartily—though Mr. Shroud's features not being moved by humour of any sort, remained fixed in the most imperturbable gravity—besides, he made it a rule never to laugh at any joke whatever, except his own, which, as they came very seldom, and always in the shape of a pun, might be supposed to be superexcellent.

The captain continued—"what an old goose that clerk of mine is to be sure; he's always at something of this sort; though by the way, I find he has not been brought up? —let him alone, he is quite cunning enough to keep out of scrapes—and so the new youngster, Hawser, has got a black eye too from Taffy?"—"Oh sir, it's quite scandalous," replied Mr. S., "if I had been on deck, those young scamps should have remained at the mast head four and twenty hours, Mr. Rodman let them off too easy by half."—

—"Send for the whole of them on deck—who did you say Mr. Rodman put under an arrest?" "Mr. Tugjunk and Mr. Gay, sir"—"And who were the others brought aft?" "Mr. Billybuffer, Mr. Gravity, and the two youngsters were all, sir—shall I send for your clerk too?"—"Oh yes, let's see what he has to say—I don't understand, since he was the chief cause, why he should get off entirely." On this, the quarter master, not at the *cun*, was sent down to tell these gentlemen "*the first lieutenant wanted them on deck.*" At these dread words, more *feared* than the *firman* of the Ottoman Porte, by three tailed bashaws, and much quicker obeyed, the whole were quickly equipped for march, except Gay, whose wardrobe was by continual losses in the *scavenger's basket* sorely reduced—having long since, indeed, betaken himself to the *purser's store-room* for the decoration of his head and feet, in the articles of hat and shoes; both of the coarsest and most unseemly description possible—but even these poor make-shifts were not always to be found, and this was just now the case—however, after much ado, this careless, reckless creature found and put on one boot and one shoe—and as his last purser's hat had found its way to some more common head, an old tarnished gold laced hat was stuck on—his coat all grease and out at elbows, and his pantaloons torn in sundry places—in this trim did the

Hon^{ble}. Frederick Gay, with the greatest *sang froid*, make his appearance on the quarter deck with the rest—his outward man hardly to be outdone in oddity by clerk Toby's, whose *wig* was equally slovenly and miserable, crowned by a *purser's hat* of wool, resembling those things one sees on the heads of charity school children.

The captain had much ado to keep his countenance at this goodly assemblage of notables coming up the ladder one after another; and touching their hats, ranged themselves before him—not so Mr. Shroud, whose face was red with indignation as he turned to the captain, and touching his hat as the service requires, on speaking to a superior, said, "here they are, sir, did you ever see any thing like it! some of them are a disgrace to a gibbet!"

The first person, the captain addressed, was Gay, for whom he had much kindness, looking over a thousand previous delinquencies and complaints, "that he never could be got on deck, or to do any sort of duty, &c." All which, the captain made some allowance for, from his peculiar situation; and, indeed, often had him to dine with him, when not his turn, and of an evening for an hour to tea—

until Gay had in some measure forfeited these indulgencies, by scarcely being in a condition to appear, either on deck or in the cabin, at all; and had, besides, sent repeated and scarcely civil excuses—but Oakheart could not forget his misfortunes—and how extremely unfit he was, from the habits of his recent life, to be brought to any thing like the *order* required on board ship; nor was the wretched habit of tippling, in company with his own clerk, unknown to him as the source of all his irregularities.

"Mr. Gay," said the captain, "I am sorry to see, you, on this occasion, and still more concerned, sir, to observe your appearance—indeed, sir, it is extremely unofficerlike, in the first place—surely, sir, you don't mean to make a mockery of the service, by appearing in such a figure, on the quarter deck?—have you nothing else to put on?" "No sir," said Gay, looking down abashed, at the ridiculous figure he cut.

"Really," continued the captain, "I am at a loss what to do with you, I think you had better, much better follow your own wishes, and go on shore.—You have been put under my command, to save you from ruin—you have powerful friends, and do but require a few months to pass, and be made a lieutenant—but at this rate, what will become of you, I know not. And you, Mr. Toby," turning to his clerk, "what is the meaning of all this row?—you, sir, too are scarcely decent, I must get rid of you, the first time we go into port, if you can contrive to make no better appearance than this!—as to your affair of last night, gentlemen, you need not trouble yourselves to inform me," (here they all began to explain) "I'm perfectly well acquainted with the merits of the case—and I must say, I think my clerk, just as much to blame as any of you; though, indeed, I have no particular complaint of you Mr. Toby—but it seems, they are indebted to you for the beginning of it—" "Sir," said Billybuffer, who had been sometime screwing himself up to the speaking point, "Sir, please sir, to let me tell you—sir, man and boy have I been now a matter of fourteen years—" "My dear sir," said the captain; (foreseeing a very long winded rigmarole yarn,) "I am very sure, you are little to blame; I must say, I have no reason on any occasion, to be dissatisfied with you; as I believe you do your duty like an officer—and you have sufficient respect for the service, to appear like one—which, it seems, some of the gentlemen, do not think worth their while—"

Here, he was interrupted by Shroud, whose authority had been often set at defiance, by Gay—who said, "Do you know, sir, I have not seen Mr. Gay, night or day for this month past, on deck—as to watch, sir, I'm sure he never keeps any!—pray sir, what watch had you last night?"—This puzzled poor Frederick, not a little—but luckily he bethought him, that he had the *freedom* of the *sick-list*, and he answered, rather dryly, "That he was on the sick list," as, he knew Mr. Gravity, would do him that good turn, when he liked; but for once, he counted without his host: for though he appealed to the said limb of physic, for the truth of the assertion, Mr. Gravity felt himself, just now, in no humour to invent or risk any more consequences—and he stoutly denied his being on the *list*, which was, indeed, the case. On this, Gay eyeing him with ineffable contempt, retorted, "Then, sir, you *should* have put me on it; I told you last night I was unwell, and thought you had,"—At this the captain and

Mr. Shroud, shook their heads; the latter, saying, " You see, sir, here is a direct falsehood, Mr. Gay, dares tell me to my face, by G—d sir, I'd try you by a court martial, if I had my way with you; by the living G—d!" " Perhaps, Mr. Gay," said the captain, in a milder tone, " may have said so—but this is another affair, and I must tell you, sir, that you cannot expect me to stand between you and those unpleasant consequences, you draw upon yourself, by your notorious neglect of your duty—let me hope you will see your error, before it is too late.

"As to you Mr. Tugjunk," turning to the chief culprit, "you really deserve to be severely punished;—what sir! do you dare to strike your messmates! whatever rules, you make among yourselves, you are, as well as the least youngster in the berth, bound to abide by them—not that I can enter into their merits or necessity—but I will not have this system of brute force, which I fear is carried on among you, below, in so ungentlemanly a manner, exercised over the weak—the first person I hear of, as striking or ill-treating the youngsters, or indeed each other, may depend on being punished for it—the ship has grown worse than Wapping, or Point—and this too, among those, I would fain think *gentlemen!* I will not have it!—Mr. Shroud, let them go below, you may take the arrest off Mr. Gay and Tugjunk, I hope I shall hear no more of this!" On hearing these welcome sounds, the whole set quickly moved off to leeward, and the greater part below—but just as they were going down, the captain called back Hawser and Taffy, who had remained hid behind the rest. "And so, youngsters, you two must needs box, must you? and pray, who struck first, Mr. Taffy?" "He did sir," says Taffy—"The deuce, he did! how's this Mr. Hawser, this is sad news—I was in hopes to have heard no complaints of you—indeed Mr. Smallnuose, tells me you are the most attentive of the youngsters, at your navigation." To all this, poor Hawser, had not a word to say, though he essayed once or twice to speak. "Well, never mind," continued this good commander, "I see, Taffy has given you the worst of it—you did not know, I suppose, that he is the fire-eater of the set? have you made it up?" To this, they both assented, awkwardly enough; and harmony was once more restored, by the captain setting them both to run up the mizzen rigging to the mizzen topmast head and down the opposite side, and whoever got down first, was to have a fat goose! "But sir," says Taffy, "he can't get up futtock shrouds!" "Never mind, I care not how you get up or down, he'll learn by and bye!" On this the youngsters starting fair, scrambled up like cats, and up to the topmast head Hawser had the best of it, but was doubled by the Welchman coming down, who finding it a *tie*, at the top rim, got hold of a *back stay*, and slid down in a twinkling; a piece of *craft*, poor Horatio, was not *au fait* at, yet—and thus lost the chief patronage of the goose—but not his share, for Taffy was a generous little fellow, and when not fighting, was the warmest hearted creature living; and now took our hero cordially by the hand, as they went down together; the captain laughing at the dexterity, that consigned the unfortunate bird to the red-headed Welchman; and next day Toby forgetting all sorrows, presided at the cutting up of the prize, with great glee; nor was there a countenance on which could be traced the slightest remembrance of the day before; if we except, Mr. Gravity's, who still looked rather solemn and refused a slice of the profferred dainty, being confined to a thin diet to bring down the puffiness of his features after the late handling. Nor was *Smallnouse* allowed to remain in vile dudgeon, but partook of the feast by special invitation—the wig having resumed its wonted station, despite the terrible sweat it had undergone, in which one half the hair had disappeared, giving it the appearance, of having had an attack of the mange—but the bottle circulated briskly, and the solemnity of Smallnouse's features quickly gave way to its enlivening influence; when he sang a song, snapped his fingers, and offered to dance a hornpipe with Toby, for five shillings! which challenge, was taken up instanter, to the great merriment of the whole berth; to be decided at *Stonehouse—lane* the first time they were on shore together.

At length, let us suppose,the ship to have reached a comfortable southern latitude, on the cruizing ground, under easy sail, making long boards on either tack; with no other view than a look out for strange sails—and no matter from what point of the horizon they came.

The monotony of keeping on one cruizing ground, is varied at least, by the constant stretch of expectation, *Jack* high and low is kept on—the officers glasses sweep the dreary liquid circle—and scarce six hours pass, or a day at any rate, that the look out at the mast heads do not announce "a sail," now on the lee or windward beam—now ahead, now astern—then come all the glasses up from below, to assist the officer of the watch; the first lieutenant's and the captain's, already pointed to the upper sails of the stranger—then a world of differences of opinion—and doubts, and longings, and finally resolves—the hands are turned up to make sail—and every soul on the tip-toe of expectation; if there is the least hope she may be an enemy.

Hang our own ships, or of war, or peace and commerce—no, is she an enemy? What does she look like—square rigged—a ship—sails man o'war cut—hull low—suspicious manœuvres! at length, she is plainer seen—signals ensue—and certainty—then is the tedious time varied, in a constant activity of mind or body, or both, or in their anticipation—and the ruling passions afloat—money and glory! ambition limps without gold—gold, insipid—that points to no higher ambition—and mutually in view, the eagerness is ten-fold increased.

The uniform beauty of the weather, now and then disturbed by a few transient though violent squalls, scarcely thought an evil, (since if a sail is split, or a topmast carried away, it is exercise—and rain water is caught, to help out the scanty and strict allowance, of that precious fluid aboard ship—*fresh water.*)

Far from the lowering clouds of our island's winter the resplendent heavens shone from the first glorious burst of Sol, in the morning, when old Weazel crept up to take his azimuths, with the youngsters of the watch about him, to his more sober setting hour—and the nights of the mid quarters of the moon in a soft silver clad, shewed to the asking eye one glorious thick studded canopy; where silent worlds twinkling in further æther, shed out one solemn and imposing mystery, to the aching sense of those disposed to contemplate! And such a one was Rodman—often in his midnight watch, would this excellent officer lean over the gangway, and lose himself in the immensity of the starry heavens! and while the ship cut easy through her dark liquid bed, throwing the white foam aside in playful murmurs, as she glided on—often did he think, of this poor floating speck he trod on—the great globe itself a speck, to yon high heaven's innumerable worlds! and universal, glorious, silent, awful, eloquence! and here the enquiring sailor's mind was lost in admiration—and meaner thoughts of this poor earth's ambition, and our petty wants, and ills and excellence, and all thrown back to nothing—and less than nothing, his own poor concerns! And yet, had Rodman's heart been touched, and love had filled that bosom, now stern, and bent on far—far different things!

In such moments too, often was he absorbed in reviewing his past life, and calling up a host of tender recollections—that served but to unman him! and generous tears would steal across his cheeks—how unsuspected of the watch—and thus relieve an aching heart—as his firm step measured the quarter-deck unceasing: these moments of heart-ache were indeed few and far between—"green spots, indeed in memory's waste"—but the weeping willows green—for he had lost that creature—for ever lost—whose sweet memory burst his healed wounds afresh, and made them bleed!

Under a rough exterior Rodman possessed an excellent, nay a refined mind—he was no more than Classic a *mere sailor;* he had seen much of the world, and much of mankind—whom he had not conversed with in various climates in vain—in short he lived to *learn.* Some twelve months before he was appointed to the Apollo he had been taken prisoner in a daring attempt to cut out a lugger near Havre de Grace, his boat's crew were sent on to Verdun; and he himself, through the kind offices of a Frenchman (in favour with the emperor who he formerly knew, and who made himself answerable for his appearance) was allowed to remain on parole till exchanged, in Paris, where he obtained a tolerable proficiency of the language, and saw and understood most things of note in that famous capital; since so much frequented by Englishmen, but then hardly ever seen or heard of—except through the bulletins of the French armies, or the battles at sea—so changed (to suit the taste of the ruling powers and the nation) as to invert established facts and turn them upside down; and here it was that the seeds of that melancholy we have before observed were unhappily sown—but though the cause had been often rightly guessed *as a love affair*—yet, is aboard ship, a most ungenial soil for any thing like the *romantic* to appear, or those deep affections likely to influence a man for any length of time—and to none had ever Rodman confided the melancholy tale, (for so it was) that occasionally made him heave a sigh, and when sure of being alone—indulge in such tender emotion as brought tears in his eyes—fain would he have had a friend to confide in—fain have eased his heart by communicating his sorrows—but Shroud, though a pretty good fellow in the main, as a messmate, was coarse in his manners, and had no more idea of thinking of a woman after he had *lost sight of her*, than fly; to such a man a tender regret would have been but the theme of some brutal joke.

Once Rodman thought the marine officer was made of better stuff, but Belair was, though possessed of a good heart, made of too volatile a cast to confide in, where sentiment and sympathy were required. Classic and Rodman were good friends—but not of that entire intimacy that warranted such a confidence. The former was rather a pedant, and on more than one occasion had hurt his messmate, who might have gained the ascendancy from his better sense or greater experience and knowledge of things, by some silly quotation or appeal to the learning of the schools, as little perhaps to the purpose as the most trifling mind could have wished—this indication, though it did not interfere with their general harmony—yet kept the *feeling* man aloof.

Besides Classic, though he could occasionally enter into the pathetic, and as we have said, had a most noble moving manner, partly from a naturally melodious voice, and partly from his chaste delivery, guided by his classical erudition—yet was it a question, whether ever *love* had touched his heart—and from this simple reason perhaps it was that he was never known to show the least attention to the women, who were occasionally seen at the mess-table in harbour,—as if he had thought them beings of a different species—too contemptible to speak to: never had he been guilty of the weakness of having any favorite himself—and in short, with perhaps little justice (as it proved in the sequel,) he was called the *woman hater ;* for sailors are guided by a sort of instinct sure to affix a nick-name to every living thing on board—thus the first lieutenant among themselves was called "*Tartar ;*" Rodman, "*Steady;*" the master, "***Pam ;***" and Classic "***Solus***" and "***Parson,***" &c., so the whole range up to the captain who was the "*Lion.*" In short there was scarcely a man on board that poor Rodman could have made his confidant but the captain—and he from his station and their relative positions was out of the reach of such an intimacy—at least it so happened, that they were not—though the captain had indeed all that refined delicacy and nobleness of soul to make him sympathise with him, and often had he wished to cultivate his friendship ; hearing of this melancholy cast in his second lieutenant's character, who he greatly liked, as the very best officer he ever sailed with. Shroud from his seniority was forced on him as his first lieutenant, but he would have a thousand times preferred the former, not only as the better seaman on great occasions, but as the better man, in every particular; and one in whom he might have expected to find not only a *locum tenens*, who would act up to the spirit of his wishes, but a valuable private friend. As it was, things went on very well; and since all that might have been wished could not be—all parties accommodated themselves to existing circumstances, without dwelling much on what *might* have been better.

Rodman enjoyed his entire confidence—in heavy squalls—at night with a strange sail in sight or near the land; it was enough for him to know he had the watch, to prevent his geting up, or making himself uneasy, since he felt convinced from what he had seen of him, that every thing would be done for the best.

But these were concerns, which, however consequential in themselves, held not a first place in any one individual breast—the noblest duties in life too often become, from repetition, mechanical; while the greatest weaknesses, often too, the most pernicious, (in regard to what are called the business and benefits of this world), usurp the whole heart and mind: —treasured up too as something too sacred to be felt by many!—as if all the evils that "flesh is heir to" had not been, through all the affecting varieties possible, long since, the common lot of millions of our fellow creatures; but who can philosophise when the evil comes home to himself!—Love is an old story!—excellently defined by Pope, as "through some certain strainers well refined," yet is it the eternal sentimental theme that never tires—though hashed up nightly to the pallid taste on all the stages of the civilized world—and those sick of the sentimental part of it in themselves, can yet go and be pleased with it in very stupid fiction occasionally! or pirouetted off in the last *réchauffée* in "*la Somnambule*," or some other ballet.

But common love is too selfish—even that, while the parties live together, where there is the most of sentiment!—

Is there then nothing else to rouse us to disinterested, generous thoughts?—no tender friendships, in which the knowledge of the worth of those beloved as friends may make us miserable at knowing we have lost this excellence for ever?—yes!—this was partly Rodman's case—once indeed the object had been beloved by him; and though in humble life, with a delicacy and tenderness that an unfeeling world would with a good grace have exempted him from—they were parted—but time could not wash out her memory—still dearer, perhaps, seen through the mist of years—and while he thought her happy, he did not, (leading an active and adventurous life), feel the separation. Far from this excellent creature, his were pure and disinterested sentiments, founded indeed on the tenderest recollections, but confirmed by the knowledge of her great worth and nobleness of soul.

To have felt thus tenderly alive to her welfare—and knowing what he *then* knew! —no wonder a settled sadness deadened all his poor enjoyments, and poisoned, by a retrospective glance, the wonted cheerfulness and serenity of his mind.

It happened, previous to this change, that he had had, before joining the Apollo, a few weeks leave of absence, or rather while in plain clothes, had got a passport sent him by the same friend who had before obliged him previous to the peace, and had gone for ten days to Paris—it might be supposed to see, at all hazards, one who was extremely dear to him—*he did see her!!!!*—and was miserable.

But this sad story need not be anticipated—it was about this time that young Hawser, being in his watch, and fancying he saw great sweetness of disposition in the youth, as well as great attention to his duty, and a wish to learn, that he took a great fancy to him; often called him over during the night watches, being sometimes the only youngster he could see; the rest being very snugly *stowed away* to leeward of the mizen mast, or under the guns taking a *sly* "*caulk*." On these occasions the more he conversed with Horatio, the more he liked him—and he found too that however ignorant the lad was of his profession, that he knew a great deal that might have been looked for in vain among the elder ones, or even his own messmates—under the head of *general knowledge!*—that he was pretty well read in history, ancient and modern—with the English classics thoroughly, and not wholly ignorant of the ancient. But what most pleased the officer was the youth's modesty, and the propriety with which he spoke when he did venture to make any remark. Often, after these friendly chats, in which he gave Horatio the best advice, and good naturedly told him much of his immediate duty, (which the mate of the watch left him to find out *by instinct*), he would kindly send him down to his hammock —being under no concern for the others, who took their pennyworths as a matter of course of "nature's sweet balm," (would to heavens poor *King Henry* had been made to keep watch a few nights!) at which he winked, well knowing how hard a task it is to young eyes to keep open through four long hours, without one single care or concern to fill their minds. At these naps he connived in the youngsters—but occasionally he found too that the report of the "*log*" was delayed to the second or third hour, and that the *mate*, as well as the young fry, was "*oblivious*"— not indeed regularly "*stowed away*," but leaning over the gun, consulting (apparently) the *breeching!*—or perhaps making some profound calculation! from which it was necessary to rouse him, by asking in a loud voice—"Where's the mate of the watch?"— "Quartermaster, go and tell Mr. Lackwit I want him!"—"Sir! sir, here sir!"—"Oh, Mr. Lackwit, what did she go last?——

"See that they keep a good look out forward."

At other times, when the said mate found his eyelids under a less leaden influence, he in his turn gave the youngsters a little taste of his extreme vigilance in the shape of a *grampus blowing on the lee quarter!* this same *blowing of the grampus* was generally contrived with the aid of the quarter-master, and one or two of those youngsters who were *awake* to the fun; getting two or three buckets quietly full of salt water; and coming slyly on the nest of *sleeping* "*ossifers*," suddenly discharge the contents all over them—and as they shook their ears, *striking out*, (some in their dreams fancying themselves over board and swimming for it) would the mate, who stood by in great innocence, exclaim, "I say—hallo!! Why, that's the largest grampus we've ran down the whole latitude—what's the matter? are you *wet?*"—While the unfortunate "*soused gurnets*" looked extremely sheepish—as they muttered—"Ah, we know." "Who did it—it's too bad," &c. It was impossible not to be amused on these occasions—even Rodman smiled—and generally sent them down to change their clothes —after they had shivered up and down a few turns, to the great amusement of the *dry ones.*

It was on one of those beautiful cloudless nights some time after this, when Cynthea shone out in all her lustre—only crossed, perhaps, for a moment by detached soft fleecy clouds—and the blue glorious vault of heaven canopied the most delicious night it is possible to conceive—that Rodman had the middle watch ; he had been taking the meridian altitude of one of the fixed stars, till towards three bells, with most of the younkers about him, some to learn, some to *hang on*, in the way of the *middle watcher*, which they knew would make its appearance in good time in the shape of cold fowl, ham, fine biscuit, and a glass of grog; and of this, those that were *awake* generally partook—and shortly after, (the *sextant* returned to its case,) the quarter-master was sent down to the gun-room for the usual supply ; always left ready at hand by the steward, for those officers that wished it—making a small pecuniary arrangement with him before hand on the subject.

It must be observed, that it was only on such fine nights, the ship under very easy sail —with the courses up; the men all asleep under the weather bulk heads, and not a mouse stirring, except the men at the wheel, quartermaster, and the look-outs, that Mr. Rodman indulged himself and his watchmates in this way—seating himself on the *hallyard rack* with the whole of them round him, the plates and bottles were very soon cleared—without any very interesting conversation taking place further than "Yes, sir! no, sir! please, sir! thanky'e, sir! and no more, sir!" there being nothing left!—and, in a few minutes, a general clearance took place; the quartermaster got his dram for his trouble, and the gentlemen betook themselves to their several *meditations*, chiefly in *private* under a gun or in some snug corner: for as to the *beauty* of the *night*, not one of them had once thought about the matter—being much more intent on contriving *ways-and-means* to have a small nap—and elude that villainous *grampus*—the most difficult task of the two—and wonderful was the invention and pains to bring these desired ends about, with as little noise as possible.

" And are you off too, Horatio," said Rodman, as the former seemed edging away on the same errand, " Come stay with me; I'll shew you some of the stars—Do you know the Polar Star yet?" " No, sir!" " Well, come here with me."—Then taking him to the gangway, he pointed out and named to him many of the principal stars, and how to trace them by their bearings from each other—their forms, in clusters, belts, pointers, &c.

But this would have soon tired both parties, and he broke off from these explanations, to admire as he mostly did, the gorgeous host of worlds around him. " Was there ever any thing so beautiful as these nights are," he would say, " look at the moon how noble she seems to sail along the heavens!" Here Rodman broke off, and seemed to contemplate the earth's pale sister with intense scrutiny. Hawser stood by his side, and looked too, but though with pleasure, none of that feeling that had now got possession of the lieutenant's mind—at length he said, " You have heard, Horatio, that true lovers have, on separating, agreed at a certain hour to look at the moon, and thence hold a secret communion with each other!" " Oh yes, sir, that I have, the idea is a beautiful one." "Ah, God!" continued the lieutenant, "That can never be!"—"Sir!" said the boy, looking up to catch his meaning—but he was wholly absorbed—and continued, "That can never be, and yet that very moon, now shines on her cold grave with a mocking brightness, as it does on me!" Here he took out his handkerchief, and leaned against the gangway board evidently in great emotion—nor was the youth slow, in perceiving, that his good friend was violently agitated, by something—"You're not unwell, sir, I hope," he at length said—"No, no, my good lad, not at all—but I will not conceal from you that at times, I am very low spirited—and I am singularly affected at this moment—come here, can you keep a secret?" "I hope so, sir, and besides, sir, I assure you I shall feel very sincerely any misfortune happening to you, from your kindness to me."

"You are a good boy, I have no doubt you would, but I fear none; all that can befal me, —that I care for, *has* already:—one of these days, perhaps, you will know what it is to have *nothing to care for!*—nothing to hope for! but God send that they may be yet far, far from you." At this moment the mate of the watch came, to report the log; and Rodman sent his young friend forward, to *see they kept a good look out* on the forecastle—by the time Hawser returned he found him leaning on the gun, where he motioned him to come and take a place by him.

"I hardly know," said he, "whether I do right, to talk to one so young as you, of things, which yet, possibly, you may but faintly comprehend—but grief is garrulous, and I would fain confide to some sympathizing breast, what has as yet been closed within my own—I have no doubt, you have heard say, I have been disappointed in love?" "Yes, sir, so I have heard." "Would I had! no, no, no—a much deeper disappointment has reached me—I cannot tell you all—the story is too long, nor can it much interest you; but you shall know some of the leading facts, that have led to the bitterest moments, I ever passed—God send, time may restore me to something like what I was!—or better I were laid by her side at once!—indeed, I wish with all my soul it was so:—have you ever loved any girl, Horatio? but you are too young." "Indeed, sir," answered the latter, "I have been very much in love, before I left home, and felt very very sorry to part with the young girl, who said, she loved me too!" "Well, my boy, I can readily imagine, ardent minds do not require the age of twenty, to feel the influence of this passion, which, more or less, we all feel—and I need not tell you, I have loved too! perhaps, with as much purity, and disinterestedness as ever man did—but I have been very culpable, shockingly so, and this it is, that now cuts me to the heart with more severity, than anything else."

"You cannot have travelled much, nor have been to France." "No, sir, but my father was in Paris at the Revolution, and has often told me a great deal of Paris; and I still recollect a great deal he told me of that famous capital—indeed, he has promised me, that I shall go there one of these days, when——" "Would I had never gone there, my boy!" continued Rodman, "there it is, that I have been made wretched——"

Here the officer was interrupted, by the quartermaster coming to say, the ship would not lie her course, and the watch being roused up, the yards were braced *close up*: when he resumed his discourse nearly in these words: But as it relates to a subject very foreign to the concerns or sentiments of a ship, we must beg by way of preparation, to give it a chapter to itself.

And here, before we wind up this chapter, we might descant very learnedly on that which constitutes the essence of a good story,—a pathetic tale!—We take it, that next to *force* and *feeling* (under the direction of a refined judgement) nothing touches so much as *simplicity*, and a close adherence to the *natural;* the overstraining, on this point, to make that *worse*, which is, in itself, sufficiently horrible, it is that has spoiled some otherwise good "*tales.*" This will be readily acceded to, by our kind reader, in many instances where doubtless, such *unnatural forcing* of the *terrible*, has only ended in the improbable (almost impossible) and the disgusting.

A thousand tender and pathetic scenes, are daily acting round us, which require but the unaffected narration of, to affect us deeply; hardened as we are, by our intercourse with the world, and all "*the ills that flesh is heir to—*" but not only common pens cannot trace them—but in the vain effort to embellish and heighten (of merely *clever writers*) the true *pathos* that would touch the breast, is smothered and buried under an *embroidered cloak* (if such a simile may be allowed) either of unmeaning verbiage, which labours to leave the reader *nothing* to *conceive*, or an equally unmeaning distortion of what might be *terrible*, into the *disgusting*.

On this point it is, that an author's genius is put to the severest test: whether he draws from the stores of his imagination, or simply recounts that, which he has been a witness to—for as to the *interest* of the thing, there is little difference—nothing can better exemplify what we have ventured to hint at, than that tale of a successful writer, where (*in the girl's head being fastened on by a velvet ribbon*) the *natural* and the terrible is overstrained into the impossibly disgusting.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Lieutenant Rodman relates the unhappy fate of *Euphemia*, in the Mid' watch.

"Know then Horatio," resumed the lieutenant, "that the being whose sad fate I so sincerely mourn, was a poor girl who worked for her livelihood, and had nothing but her truth and honesty to recommend her—what do I say, nothing! she was the most lovely creature that ever breathed, surely, and the best, the most generous, the most disinterested!—and her mind was far, very far, above her station—or had she been still alive and happy!

"You will one day, possibly, witness and judge for yourself—but thousands of Englishmen have seen and admired the exquisite neatness and taste of that class of young women in Paris called *couturières*, answering to our word milliner; many of them are very beautiful girls, independent of this grace and taste in their appearance, which sets off to such advantage, the rarer gifts of nature, which so many of them possess—among the most beautiful of these poor girls, was Euphemia.

"She had much of that peculiar loveliness we see in our own country-women—very fair, soft blue eyes, and a great luxuriance of light coloured hair, which, dressed high, and confined by a comb, was seen through the prettily ornamented lace caps they all wear, to the greatest possible advantage—she was a beautiful blonde, and as she passed along to, and from the shop where she worked, (the only time, poor thing, she ever had it in her power to stir out) how many eyes have been turned after her! how many exclamations escaped the lips of the old and young, of '*What a sweet creature*!'—'*How divinely beautiful she is*!'

"Ah, yes! she was indeed, and light of heart—joyous and gay as the young birds that carol in the spring—alas poor thing! brief has been thy few and innocent pleasures! and worms now crawl, where those sweet smiling lips were fresh in life and health, but as yesterday!"—Here Rodman seemed almost choked with struggles to keep down his feelings—and leaning on his hand was silent for some moments—at length he continued—

" These are sad reflections—the world is full of various calamity—yes, this need not be told—let but the gay voluptuary glance from the gilded roof of opulence, to the squalid quarters of the miserable in the same street! from the ***Place Vendome***, or ***Rue de Rivoli***, to the ***Hôtel Dieu***, or from St. James's to the Minories, and see all the strong contrast 'flesh is heir to'—and this indeed, is nothing new.

" But peculiar misery will now and then be forced on us—and the unwilling mind be dragged from the most smiling picture of human felicity, to the reverse—to wretchedness and anguish—pain, of the worst description—of *the mind*—'here lies that which passeth shew'—the cords of tenderness, compassion, and deep regret, are as truly touched by the misfortunes of the humble, as the proud—in this regard, rank and worldly distinction, are mockeries!—mockeries, not only to the wounded mind of the survivor--but in reality!—and from which, no fortuitous position can appeal—would to God it were not so!—ah, my young friend, Death has been busy here,'—alas! 'Death where is thy sting?' but in the heart of him, who yet survives a few brief years, it may be—and gloomily lives to tell this tale!——

"Some fools there are, Horatio, who would laugh at the idea of being very violently affected at the tragical end of a poor obscure girl—we often weep for poetic and fictitious excellence; shrouded from the vulgar gaze, in some unknown and romantic spot, and set off by all the powerful attributes of a fine imagination—and withold it from a more touching reality before our eyes! How many are there, who, not long since, saw this very ill starred being, blooming as May!—she never can be seen again! and but to one poor friend, she is not missed in the gay, busy, heedless, thoughtless throng! Who knows or cares, whether she still trips by, the admiration of all who came across her path, along the Boulevards des Italiens—or lies rotting in her shroud?—none, none—none but one whose heart, pierced by a thousand tender recollections, still mourns her untimely, cruel end!!——

"Noble soul'd, generous creature! thou pattern of truth and disinterestedness in poverty! thou art gone for ever!—little matters it to thee, had the proud coronet graced thy brow, and a long string of sable pomp had been thy convoy—in this—my heart had less been touched, than as it was—the poorest rites of every beggar—yes! they buried her like a dog! and not a friend to follow up the driver of her poor remains—then in the common trench, make up the lair of poor and friendless like herself.—

"And I, where was I!"—So far had the sufferer gone on; rather thinking aloud, than addressing the youngster, who, however felt greatly affected—and shed tears, as much at the little he could gather of this misfortune, as at the deep anguish of the officer, who now again stopped.

Then recollecting himself, he said, "I will tell you the last of this tragedy briefly—little matters it, where her poor bones lie—and yet, I could not leave them so! but that she is *dead*'s enough!—all else is nothing—I need no glowing colours here, to point a moral, or adorn a tale—and thou, heaven born philosophy, to me, what art thou, but an empty name! Come *time*!...and thou, sweet *want of thought*, thou glorious balm—thou common property of fools and knaves, do not refuse to dry my tears! and blessed oblivion of the past, give to me some enjoyment of the poor faded gifts, this world has yet perhaps in store. But my wounds are still green!"— Here Rodman again broke off, and seeing his young friend affected at his misery, he took him kindly by the hand, saying, "You are a good excellent lad, I love you for your heart, but I have told you nothing—I will now be be brief—it's late, is it not?" "Just six bells, sir." "Well, the catastrophe is told in few words, even in all its melancholy detail.

"Poor Euphemia's ingenuous, susceptible, and unsuspecting heart was given to an unworthy man—of coldness and neglect, she scorned to complain, her noble soul would ill brook the bare idea—from being the happiest, when all are happy and content; she grew silent and reserved: she complained of no one—what sacrifices she had made, what perils undergone, what tenderness and kindness she had thrown away on an ungrateful wretch, never escaped her lips: but, with the fixed resolution of despair, she resolved to die!——

"Ah too sudden, too fatal resolution—cruel girl—was there no way to wring my heart, but this! yet was there one poor friend, who knew and felt thy worth, and would have flown to thy succour! but I knew nothing—till it was too late—thoughtless, fatal security!

"It was on one of those bitter cold nights last winter, you may perhaps recollect, she came home as usual from her work, and sitting a moment with the porteress of the house, in the Faubourg Montmartre, where she had her little room, she complained of a slight head-ache. This gave the good woman some uneasiness, for she was beloved by every soul who knew her, as well as greatly respected; and she proposed the usual remedies; among the French, very simple...a little eau de Cologne...or tisanne, or bathing the feet in hot water...once or twice before this, the old lady had observed of late that 'Mademoiselle Euphemia avoit l'air distrait' (that she was absent) and on some remark being made, had replied 'je m'ennui,' however no particular notice was taken of it.

"On this fatal night, after promising (to get rid of the porteress's importunities), to take any thing she liked; she begged her to get her some writing paper; and on its being brought, she had it changed for other, finer and gilt edged; then, taking her candle, she went up to bed; — begging the old woman, however, not to bring her coffee up at nine next morning, as usual; but at ten o'clock, and all this with such sweet serenity, that nothing could possibly have been suspected—that instant, as she bid them good night was the last time she ever spoke! she was never seen alive after—Oh God!—most injured, sweet Euphemia! — why, why, did you not write me one word!—Shall I say it! Can you believe it—and yet, I fear, it is but too true—*ten francs* would probably have saved her life! Gracious heaven! what had she done to deserve thy wrath!—Oh! she was too good to live in this vile world!——O, Euphemia! Euphemia! how could you be thus cruel!"

Here Rodman suddenly rose, and going alone to the gangway, found relief in a gush of tears—nor was Horatio much less afflicted, and he would have gone and thrown himself in his arms, but that his delicacy and respect kept him motionless—in a few minutes he returned, and thus resumed "I shall be easier—what did I say?—She had gone up stairs—She had gone up stairs, determined on self immolation—and after having secured the door of her chamber, she wrote three letters—one, to a near and hard hearted relation, of four pages, it is said (for I never saw it), breathing nothing but the most affecting piety, duty, and tenderness; one was to the porteress, directing her even to the most minute particular, how she wished her little presents and property to be disposed of (for the furniture of her room was her own; kept in the most beautiful neatness)—as well as a few trinkets: —one passage I well recollect, where she begged her hair (those beautiful tresses I have so often dwelt on with admiration!) to be cut off, and half given to her relations, half to me, should I ever appear.—This was, like every thing else this angel wished in her last moments, brutally disregarded.—I never got it. She wrote a third letter—it was to myself—and this I will read you, but it is in French: and never shall it leave my heart; where I carry it, and will to my grave!—here it is—" so saying he put his hand in his bosom, and pulling out a locket in which it was inclosed—read it as follows:—

Euphemia's letter to Rodman.

"Mon cher Ami,

"Je ne sais, si jamais ce dernier souvenir de votre malheureuse Euphèmie, vous parviendra—mais"——"but, I forget, you will not understand it in French, I must read it in English; it is nearly thus!—

"My dearest Friend,

"I know not, if this last remembrance of your unhappy Euphemia, will ever reach you—and yet, I cannot help thus bidding you this last, this solemn adieu!—Adieu, my beloved friend! O! that we may meet in those blessed abodes, my soul only longs for—I can wish for no greater bliss beyond the grave. Alas! all is uncertainty.—I am so wretched, that the only crime I am conscious of ever having committed, will be, in thus destroying this poor frame. I have no hope—it must be—and those pitying angels who take account of poor mortals, in mercy will not refuse their intercession for me at the throne of God!—and think it some extenuation with scarcely bread to eat, to support what nature wants—and no friend to succour me—I cannot bring myself to ask favours of strangers. You, my once friend, are far away---perhaps, have ceased to think of me with that tenderness and respect, which, believe me, I have never forfeited—but I will not admit such a thought to imbitter these my last moments—I know your heart is too good—God in heaven bless you!"——"O! never, never, will I cease to think of thee with tenderness and respect, sweet Euphemia!"

Here a fresh burst of passionate agony kept the lieutenant some moments silent, the letter clenched in his hands, and both over his face. as he leaned towards the bulwark.

Young Hawser was too much affected to say what he wished, still, he stammered out—"Do not be dejected, dear sir—I hope you have many happy days in store—when you will feel this cruel misfortune with less poignancy—and they say, time heals all our sorrows."

Rodman only replied, by grasping his hand in his—at length, replacing the letter in his bosom, he thus continued—"She must have written this the last thing!—and having placed it with a bundle of my letters to her, to be sent me—She prepared for death!—having stopped up the door, and secured it better, by putting the drawers against it, she made, in the same way, the window and fire place as air tight as possible, by hanging her gowns, coverlid, &c., against them—then, seated beside her bed, she set fire to charcoal she had prepared, and died shortly after at an advanced hour in the night! suffocated—God be thanked! apparently, if appearances could be judged by, without much pain!

"In the morning, the old woman, at ten o'clock, took up her coffee; and finding she was not answered on knocking repeatedly, was going down again not in the best humour, as she told me (for from her I had these melancholy details long after), at having her journey for nothing—and meeting her daughter on the staircase, expressed herself not much pleased at it—when they both returned, and found on examination that the door was secured in an uncommon way, from within; alarmed at this, they hastened to the *proprietaire*, or mistress of the house, who having a great esteem and kindness for this unhappy girl; accompanied them instantly to the spot, when, the door was forced—and the first thing that shocked their eyes, was this lovely creature leaning on the edge of the bed, partly thrown on one side, as if in fainting; the lady ran to her, thinking she was taken suddenly ill—and found, with horror, that she was *stiff* and *cold*—dead, dead! Frightened out of her wits, she screamed and fainted; and shortly the place was crowded with the commiserating inmates of the house—she was laid gently on her bed—beautiful, as in life, and might have been thought asleep, from the placidity of her features, but that her eyes were wide open.—Asleep! O God! and so she was!—asleep indeed. No eye was dry at this affecting spectacle—so young, so beautiful, so good—to be thus cut off! And now, the nearest commissary of police was sent to, who making his appearance, reprimanded them for having entered the room before he was summoned—which, according to law, should have been done, in such sad extremities. He took up some hours in technically drawing up, what is called a "*procès verbal*," or minute particulars of what had happened, with their various depositions; the relations were sent for, who at length witnessed this affecting scene, with much less emotion than the passing stranger!—and seemed indeed, only intent on seizing on the poor spoils left, which they appropriated to themselves—sending her dear remains to the *common grave*, at the least possible cost (about fifteen shillings)—though, poor thing, she had expressed a wish to be buried with more decency, and in a grave apart; for the purchase of which there was ample means—vile, avaricious, unnatural wretches!—Gracious God! and that I too, should be out of the way—and not even suspect such a thing *possible*.

"At length my dream of comparative ease and pleasure was drawing to a close, and the same fatality that robbed me of her for ever, doomed me to *know* it only when it was too late; would I could for ever have remained ignorant of the fatal catastrophe; so had I been saved this unavailing heart-ache. I arrived in Paris after a long absence, and my first care was to go to the lodgings of the dear girl to ask after her—a slight pique, in which I had been in the first instance to blame, had caused so long a separation—and I still felt hurt at her silence, though I wrote frequently—and I fear my letters never reached her—they could not—in France ones letters are never sure—particularly at that time. Judge my despair—my distraction, on hearing what I have told you.

"For some weeks I was inconsolable and passed my days and nights in useless tears—I supped full of misery—and so far from this cruel wound healing by degrees, fresh gusts of passionate despair, made me fear at last, that I should settle down into one of those dreadful hypochondriacal glooms, that fixing on some unfortunates turns this earth to the worst of hells!

"Almost frantic with despair and anguish, I went and threw myself on her grave—a little black wooden cross yet marked its whereabout; and which would have been left undisturbed some *four* years longer, as is customary; when all would be dug up to make room for another set of wretched inmates. Here did I water the already sodden ground with scalding tears—and wish myself, most devoutly wish myself dead.—What friends had I more than this poor thing! and I to her, had been but half a friend!—like the base, faithless world in which we live; frivolous wretch! thus was I punished!—and there I should have grovelled, more despicable than the clay I trod. Ah!—this is man! and now what have I to care for, or that cares for me! But no! this is the language of a grief not yet mellowed down to truth—I may, I do perhaps exaggerate! still I have some kind, dear friends—let me hope it, or indeed, better I were dead—for to lead a life of selfish vegetation would make me still more despise myself. —While yet I hardly knew what I did—I bought a grave "*à perpétuité*," as it is called (for ever) in the cemetry of *Père la Chaise* determined to remove her dear remains where at least in future years, if I live, I may know where to find the spot; and shedding a tear to her memory, take over her tomb, one salutary lesson for *pride* and *ingratitude!* and so far, my pains may not have been unavailing———Alas, in all else! vain, vain!—thy sculptured stone, dear girl, but mocks thy unconscious bones—a fiftieth part the cost had done thee, living, good!

"Let me hasten to the end—bent on rescuing her poor remains and placing them in safety, I went through all the forms and difficulties required—and there were many, very many. Who can blame me? if I said that which was *not true.* Yes, to feast myself with still greater horrors I became a liar! and if the affections of the heart—the weakness of love and friendship are nothing in the eyes of the law and the community (and they are not much) a liar to no good purpose.

I descended to this charnel-house—the heavens as if angry at my presumption, poured deluges of rain, and deep-toned thunder swept around the hills of Montmartre, while the lightning helped me to see all that can be shocking to humanity. They had got down over her coffin which was already fallen in, and taking off the boards—*I saw her!* O merciful heaven! I saw her.——Still, still, I knew her—thus changed! I knew her—the chin alone and teeth had kept their form; but oh; how changed, how loathsome! Bottles of chlorine were but a poor defence against this mass of corruption—and all lie soaked in water from the drainings of the marsh, and thus perhaps had kept from wholly turning into dust. Almost sick, I felt I had done too much—it was too, too horrible! and yet was it necessary, to be *sure* that a wrong body was not taken up.

Being thus wretchedly assured past doubt, a fresh shell was got, and covered up with bran, the body was borne off—round the outer boulevards some four or five miles to *Père la Chaise*, where it was once more inearthed—while I followed and witnessed all, in a sort of stupor of grief—over this spot I placed a simple stone, more suiting my poor means than my wishes—and there, my young friend, on the ascent of the hill, just before you come to Lafontaine's and Molière's monuments, close on the path going up—you may one day cast your eyes and heave a kindly sigh over what remains of this unhappy young woman; these words are on the tombstone without date:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EUPHEMIA.

"Gentle, generous, lovely girl,
How has thy affecting and untimely
Death wrung my heart!"

"Should I die in a foreign land my last request will be, to be placed by her side; and as the ground is mine, I trust this my dying request will be complied with."—"Surely sir," said Horatio, "but do not talk of dying—I am in hopes you will soon feel less anguish—Indeed I feel very much for you; would I could say any thing that might console you,"—" Let us hope my good boy, for the best," returned the lieutenant—then telling him to go and see where all the gentlemen of the watch had got to, who had in truth long since been in the arms of Morpheus; some leaning, some standing propped up, some *stowed away*; not even excepting the mate, who hearing the lieutenant spinning a long yarn as he called it, which he could not make out—thought it only fair to make the best use of his tedious time, and follow the example of the youngsters, instead of getting a *grampus* drawn for their amusement.

And now the mid watch drew to a close, the log hove, and reported, and *board marked; eight bells* were struck, and the watches were relieved, without any thing further occurring worthy our notice; except Rodman calling Horatio to him as he was going down below, and telling him that he expected he would never open his lips to any soul of what he had that night told him, under pain of his severest displeasure—nor was the lad slow in assuring him he would rather die than betray the confidence he had honoured him with, or make so sacred a theme the subject of comment, by giving the most distant hint in any shape whatever.

Thus assured, the poor lieutenant descended to his cot, after he had given charge of the deck to Classic, with perhaps a lighter heart than he had felt for many a day—so true it is that imparting our griefs to those who are disposed to sympathise with us, lightens us of much of the load.

As the captain's orders were only to remain a certain term on this particular cruising ground in the hope of coming across certain rich gallooners homeward bound—and from thence to bend his way further south, on another mission, which had not yet been allowed to transpire, most of the ship's company, as well as the officers, began to console themselves for never seeing any thing but their own homeward bound ships and a few Americans, with the sweet anticipation of a change—and since time had now crept on without one single occurrence of more interest than a night's chace after a fast-sailing *clipper*—the *overhauliny* her, after leading them a pretty good dance of some ten or twelve hours—the co-operation of certain ill humours at the disappointment on finding not even a flaw in her papers that could detain her with the slightest chance of a *claw* on her, and the consequent independent incivility of her captain, who swore, "tarnation seize him but if he had any one of 'em 'ere upstarts ashore, he'd *hide* 'em slick away, as easy as eating apple butter! that he would."

Nothing happening in some weeks of more interest than this, *Jack* began to get impatient of doing nothing—and it seemed there was nothing for it but change of station—for if they were not to take something more worth while than either Jonathan's *jaw* or a few *chasse-marèes*—not a soul on board but would have preferred a *foreign station* at once, even to further Inde—to thus floating in uncertainty between the two hemispheres—but though we cannot with fidelity record any thing of any very striking importance, yet were there sundry incidents that relieved some of the tedium, inseparable from aboard ship, and its monotonous and regular duties; succeeding each other to the chimes of the *ship's bell*, which, hanging exactly over the *fore hatchway*, sent round the circle of the Apollo's wooden ribs, its never-wearied sonorous clamour every half hour. Of all the notes or changes rung on this tell-tale, that of *eight bells*, (always struck two and two), was considered the most harmonious; whether to meals or to end the watch—and *one bell* (or chime) the most discordant that followed at its heels—this villainous "*one bell*," as the dead asleep mid yawned expectant in his hammock, with one eye open, seemed to tread close on the heels of the *eight*, which had but, in his sleepy computation, struck some ten minutes before—and when it did strike, the knell came more dismal to his ear than knell of curfew, and generally with the accompaniment of clatter of quarter-master's heels down the ladder, lantern in hand, with doleful message—while to the expectant and enraged last watch, tired out with his four hours tramp, its thirty minutes seemed as thirty hours!—his impatient and increasing ire outran the running sand of half-hour glass! But every chime conveyed its meaning in some way from one to eight, now the look-outs—now the hammocks to come up—now musterings of divisions, and now to meals—in short, 'twas loud-tongued, and not silent time, that marked the last particle of the sentry's *half-hour sand*.

Our hero, though he improved in his studies under the guidance of Lieutenant Rodman, had now been cut down so often—been so bequizzed, so belaboured, and so half starved —that he began to be pretty well hardened to it, and to play off on others what he was forced to bear himself, taking up his station according to his physical abilities and audacity: —but though he got up half way among the youngsters as to this, by dint of frequent hard words and hard knocks, yet was he not devil enough to take the lead of the fiery Welshman, who was, however, rather shy of intruding too much on his patience—thus was there a sort of tacit truce between these two, and many were the *larks* below (and on deck) in which this pair joined, with some of the others, to the no small annoyance of the more peaceable ones—and especially of the purser's steward, poor Smallnouse, and Tickle Toby, as they called the clerk. But before we can relate any of these tragi-comico-ludicro scenes, of which the steerage was generally the stage, we must attend to their superiors, and notice an event of more importance in this our history—so much so, that it must have a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER X.

In which, the Master, Weazel, writes for a Court Martial on Lieutenant Classic, but is most marvellously mollified, and the Affair is made up, to the most unlooked for Satisfaction of all Parties concerned.

WE have somewhere observed, that in the gun room mess, as in the midshipman's (and all other *messes*, gentle or simple, vulgar or refined) there were certain *butts*, who served, like musical instruments, to play upon, for the common amusement of the choicer spirits; not that, indeed, these living *sackbuts* ever produced any thing but discord—whether it was, from the cross-grained nature of the said instruments, or the unskilful performance of the operators or artists, we will not hastily determine. So did it too depend very much on the *key* in which they were struck, or blown on. The most lively and various in its powers was the surgeon, and he might have been surnamed, with no very great impropriety, the German flute, from the exact resemblance his legs bore to that favourite instrument—Weazel, the master, might have stood for hurdy-gurdy, from his monotonous tones, and the facility of making a noise on him—and the purser, Sly, stood for "*Serpent*," being in truth a very subtle fish; nothing however, he so much dreaded as being blown upon, in any way; being a mortal enemy to quizzing, in any shape whatever, (having so many vulnerable points to guard, besides his flaming nose). Now, though the curer of bodies, and this guardian of eatables, were occasionally lugged into the concert; yet, did they one and all, most enjoy a *solo*, on the aforesaid hurdy-gurdy Weazel; who was no sooner out of one of their hands, than he passed into another, to be played upon: for whether in his cabin, at the table, sleeping or waking, on deck or off, sure was he to be the mark for all the loose squibs and wit that they could muster—His appearance was in itself, a rich fund of amusement; his manner of speaking, in a shuffling sort of twang, together with the laughable *matter*, when it did come out, joined to his affected consequence to his inferiors; taking all occasions of shewing off his small authority, over his mates or the mids—when he *could catch* them *napping*, at his azimuths or amplitudes, or in his strong hold—the *after hold.*

Now, though he put up with all this very quietly from the two lieutenants, (for Rodman never entered into this fun,) yet was he exceedingly ferocious, if any of the rest dared to make free with him—no matter how gently they patted or handled him—like one of those pugs we sometimes see, whose teeth are instantly shown in grim array, if touched by any body but its master—Thence the least hint or allusion, however harmless or good-natured, if coming from the wrong quarter, was soon ferreted out by Weazel, as an *attack;* and retorted by some coarse abuse, that soon put an end to any thing like *fun*—and generally brought down on himself, some biting sarcasm or threat, from one of his three privileged " *showers up.*"

Though, however, Weazel did not in general wince much at his withers being thus wrung, from the properly authorized quarters; yet there were moments, in which he was excessively sore, and could scarcely bear to be approached by his *keepers*—such as, after he had dined in the cabin, and carried down with him, (together with his bran new coat, lined with white silk, that came almost down to his heels,) a very red face, in which, his eyes twinkled like two stars of the *third* magnitude.

Or, when the captain had been closely *overhauling* his *log-book* and dead reckoning (for he knew no other), and then he descended with a rueful length of face; whistling the last stave of the "*cow's a dying*," and invariably called for a glass of grog—or when he had been exercising his authority in the *after hold* or spirit room, over the *master's mates* and quarter masters—being a very *dab*, at stowing away a cask of spirits—and in this, indeed, give the devil his due, he had no equal on board. On all these occasions, he was terribly fierce—and it was dangerous to approach him with any thing like the *playful*—even his keepers occasionally got a snap—and were forced to cry out "What, *old hard a weather*, do you ride rusty? hold hard! give him more line." When, would he look round with terrific scowl, and mutter that "Some people, had better keep their fun to themselves, when they were well off, or he knew what he'd do ; bl—t his eyes and limbs else!"

It happened one day, that being in "*full tog*," with his coat down to his heels, and a pair of "*tights*" on, made expressly by a Jew at Portsmouth, for great occasions—thus accoutred, and infinitely more in love with his person than the most killing dandy about town, and more resembled, as he shuffled up and down, the knave of clubs, than any other portrait we can at this moment bring to mind —in this trim then, we say, he had dined entirely to his satisfaction in the cabin, on the day in question, where he had afforded a most delicious treat to the captain, making all sorts of blunders about all sorts of things—for he would still *talk*, particularly after the *ice was broken*, that is, after the wine had circulated pretty freely—and this was just what was wished most devoutly—the captain, on these occasions, showing him up—not by any open quizzing, which he could not condescend to, on many accounts, but by an over-strained *praise* of his vast acquirements and abilities!—Now in this way nothing was too gross for the said Weazel to swallow—at last the captain led him on from one absurdity to another, till he got him to give his opinion of the ancients. "Mr. Weazel," said the captain, "you have indeed taken the most perspicacious happy view of the politics of the great powers of Europe; may I take the liberty of asking you what may be your opinion of the *triremes* of the ancients, who, after all, it must be confessed, were far our inferiors in their naval knowledge and strength? —*I* take it those vessels, from their great height, must have been extremely CRANK—little calculated either for efficient speed or battle."——"Sir,—I say, sir," interrupted Weazel, who no sooner heard of *ships* than he was quite at home, as he thought, and desperately impatient to speak—"I say, sir,—I say," (giving the table a thump by way of enforcing what he delivered, and looking with all the expression of knowingness possible round the table; while some were in a titter, and others smothering their laughter with their handkerchiefs, the captain being the only one with "power of face" to keep up the requisite gravity) "I say, sir! and I don't care that (snapping his fingers) for what any man says the other way; that you only give me this here frigate, I'll engage to blow all them 'ere tie-rimers out of the water in an hour, if they were as thick as musquitoes on the Honduras shore—I know 'em—it's all my eye—they can't stand!—let me alone for that!" At this sally, the whole table gave way, and one burst of laughter (turned off in affected applause) crowned his triumph.—"Yes," replied the captain, "Mr. Weazel is certainly right, I agree entirely with him—impossible, utterly impossible, for any thing to stand Mr. Weazel's battery!"

Flushed with this triumph and his full *whack* of wine, the unsuspecting Weazel had shortly after descended to the gun-room, and as he pulled off his best coat, could not help boasting of what he would do against any *tie-rimer* in the world, "if so be, he had a ship of his own, or even the launch, well manned with the eighteen-pound carronade in her!" Those below were beginning to inquire what this tie-rimer was that he talked so much about—"why in the Medi-ti-rinnian to be sure, as the captain says—any fool may tell that; they calls 'em tie-rimers—nothing but small craft—I know 'em well, mind I say so!" Classic, who had dined in the cabin too, and had hitherto done nothing but laugh, now put an end to the unfortunate Weazel's career, by stopping him short with—"Upon my soul, master, you'll be the laughing stock of the whole ship, how can you talk such stuff—do you know what you're talking about?—but that indeed you certainly do not—I never did know such an old donkey as you are! you get worse and worse every day—do never open your mouth till the dog * * * * * * (you understand!) and then cry halves!"

This gentle rebuke seemed to strike the warrior "*all of a heap*," and gathering himself up with all the majesty and sternness he could muster, he replied, "I'll tell ye what, Mister Classic, I've stood your nonsense too long a'ready, and I here give you warning to be off your lark wi' me, for I'll not stand it of you or any man; *donkey* yourself, sir! who do you call a donkey?—*shiver my top lights!*—nobody knows any thing but you, I suppose—*with a long hook.* Who are you? Does the captain know nothing? ha! does he know nothing, I say! answer me that!——O ho! you're '*palled*,' are you!"

To this harangue Classic, who had by this time got a seat and taken up a book, very coolly replied, "Come, old Squaretoes, don't give yourself airs, you only make yourself more ridiculous!"

"Airs, indeed," retorted the indignant Weazel, "'here comes a pig to be shaved;' I chuse to be ridiculous, sir; damn me, I will! and what's that to you?—the first word you gives me in the way of *names* or *insult*, you shall see who you have to deal with—shiver my timbers!"—"Bah!" cried Classic, "*you're not fit to carry guts to a bear!*" At this retort, the little master danced about in an ecstacy of rage.—"You hear, gentlemen, I call you to witness, Mr. Sly—Mr. Belair, I call you to witness; gentlemen—you hear what he says, that I, the master of this here frigate and a commissioned officer, ("No, no, you're only warrant, old boy," cried Belair, from his cabin), that I am not fit to carry guts to a bear!—to a bear!—guts! mind that—guts! mark that!—I'll soon see by G—d whether I'm fit to carry guts to a bear or not, da—n—tion; we shall see that in a shake!—we shall see that!—a bear, eh!"—So saying, the enraged master darted into his cabin, and unlocking his desk, got out pens, ink, and paper, and quickly indited the following letter, which, flying up the ladder, he shortly after delivered to the captain with his own hand.

Sir,

"Being peasable behaved, and not inturrupting no one, but in the line of my dooty; Mr. Classic is always after me, which is more than a man can bare: and now about the tie rimers, which he knows nothing about, and says you and I don't!—which I'll prove. I herebye require you, sir, to be pleased to write for a Corte marshall on the thurd Leeftenant, Mr. Classic, for having on this 20th of Febuary, in the year of our lord one thoosand ate hundred and ——, called me, the Master to Command, of the frigate Appollo, under your comand, as unbecoming an officer and gentulman in comand, before good and suffigient witnesses, which I can proave; that I, Timothy Weazel, Master of the Navy, *was not fit to carry Guts to a Bear*—against the artakles of war, which do's not allow of no jibing, or calling names, to provoke the dissiplin, under the king's pennant.

"I am, sir,
"with the gratest respect,
"your obedient humble sarvant to comand,
TIMOTHY WEAZEL,
Master in the Navy."

"Given this day in my cabin, (before
quarters) 6 p.m. cloudy wr."

Having shuffled up to the captain (who was walking the deck with the first lieutenant), with great precision, he pulled off his hat and presented him the said letter—and retreating, down below with the same expedition, did not give him time to know what it meant—and at first, the captain thought it was the *work* of the *time-keepers*, of the morning, that the master had forgotten—until, casting his eye at the said paper, he observed this superscription,

"On His *Majesty's Sarvice*,
"George Oakheart, Esq. Commander
"of the Appollo frigate, at sea."

" What have we got here, said the captain, as he opened it—I did'nt know before, that Weazel was fond of writing letters. What's all this?—" and stopping on the weather gangway, he read this morsel of eloquence, which good as he thought his worthy master in the way of originality, surpassed his idea of his powers in the ridiculous. Putting the missive in his pocket, he joined Mr. Shroud, and observed – " I find, Mr. Weazel complains of some expression Classic has made use of to him—do you know any thing of it? I wish this nonsense could be made up among yourselves—he seems extremely sore on the subject; and has just written to me, to ask for a court martial on him—do try, and make it up between them, it is too ridiculous; you see what he says." On this he handed the letter to the first lieutenant, who was extremely merry, at the poor master's orthography; but not half so much tickled as the captain, inwardly, at the humour of the complaint.

" Why, sir," says he, " old Weazel, is getting quite restive, this is the first time I have ever known him " *kick against the pricks*," or care for what they called him, at the mess—

so that he was not *called too late for dinner!* But what's to be done?" "It's impossible," returned the captain, "to forward a letter of this sort! Classic must make it up with him—go down at once, and see if you can make peace." Down went Shroud—but soon came back to say, that Weazel was as obstinate as a mule, and determined, that Mr. Classic, should publicly retract his words—and nothing but this, (which Classic objected to) would satisfy the indignant master—who had done nothing, but repeat, what he conceived so cruel an affront—continually muttering it over to himself, in which monologue, however, nothing could be distinguished, but the words, "*guts* and *bear!*" and that "*he'd prove it.*" "Well," rejoined the captain, "suppose we send for them both on deck, Classic can easily make the required apology, before you and I in a quiet way, and it will be public enough." On this, the mate of the watch, was sent down for these gentlemen, who shortly after made their appearance—Classic smiling, and Weazel with an unusual dose of sour in his countenance.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "I am sorry for this disagreement—I am sure, the slightest apology will satisfy Mr. Weazel, who complains of your having used certain *hard words* to him—and I am hardly mistaken, Mr. Classic, when I think you will make no difficulty in doing him justice, where his feelings may have been inadvertantly hurt." "Just so, sir," cried Weazel, "let him unsay it, it's all I axes! let him unsay it."

"I am indeed, sir, very sorry to have said, that Mr. Weazel was '*not* fit to carry guts to a bear,' I believe that was my expression, was it not?" "Yes, yes, sir! that was it—that was it; pretty thing, indeed," cried Weazel. "Well, sir," returned Classic, "I can only say, since it is so much insisted on, that I here now, before the captain, unsay it; and acknowledge, that I am very sorry for having supposed, Mr. Timothy Weazel, *unfit to 'carry guts to a bear,'* and I humbly retract the rash expression, and shall be at all times happy to bear witness, that he *is fit*."

The captain, at this queer recantation, blew his nose, and Shroud hailed the main top, to conceal their laughter—as the master assuming a look between doubt and satisfied sapiency, declared that, *that* was all he wanted and was enough, God knew—he never wished to be unreasonable with no man!" holding out his hand at the same time, in token of peace; which Classic took with great good will, for the poor master led a devil of a life of it among them:—they now all indulged themselves in a hearty fit of laughter, as if delighted at this notable and satisfactory arrangement, and in which the master joined, with all his heart—thus giving a double relish to this exquisite and *novel* mode of *apologizing!*

And now the drum beat to quarters, and every man at his station—the captain took his wonted round—every thing thus clear for action, the retreat was soon after beat, and the dancing band mustered in the waist, soon collected all hands at heel and toe, beneath the enlivening influence of sweet sounds—in the shape of two fiddles, a drum, and fife; for *Jack* dislikes a redundancy of harmony—and besides, Mynheer Crochet, always made wry faces at the idea of drawing out all his forces, except, when the higher officers legs were to be *put in a passion* on the quarter deck; on which solemn occasion, the whole *posse* made the very welkin ring, headed by

Von-Crochet, whose face and elbow worked admirably together, under a thousand varied contortions, stamping vehemently with one leg to keep them all in time.

Shortly after, the helm was put up, for a different destination, to the south, to the great joy of all hands; and from being under topsails, spanker, and jib, as was generally the case—all hands were turned up, "*make sail*," as if in chase. On which occasion, Hawser was obliged, with many of the other youngsters 'to scud up to the mizen top; there to tell the mizen top boys, what they knew much better how to do, than the said superintending young gentlemen—but they were to learn themselves—which they did, or did not, according to their several inclinations—however, they all joined in the general cry of, "Come bear a hand, my lads!" "Are you going to sleep, at the top gallant mast head?" "Sway away!" "Come, look sharp, look sharp!" "Why don't you let fall?—sheet home!" "I'll come and help you sir, you d——d rascal, on the weather yard arm?" "Ho! belay!"—And while all this was vociferated, fore and aft—the almost hoarse voice, from bawling, of Mr. Shroud, was heard through his trumpet, as he ran backwards and forwards, and jumped about with surprising agility, on the deck. "Mizen top there!" "Main top there!" "Fore top there!" "Forcastle there, waist there!" (as it might be) "By G—d you're all asleep—Mr. ——, are you going to sleep, sir? and be d——d to ye!" "The weather royal sheet's not half home!"—"Sir?"—"Do you see the weather royal sheet, sir? you lubberly hound! d—n—tion, sir, I'll send you to the mast head for twenty-four hours." "Fore top ahoy! I'll call you rascals down presently, and start you all round!"—then skipping aft, address those below with, "Haul aft—together—why don't you haul!—b——t your eyes! haul!—you Mr. ——, why don't you make 'em haul, sir?"—"Haul! haul! haul!" repeated twenty different mids and boatswains mates' voices!

At last this hubbub of noise and confusion ceased; ropes coiled down, decks swept, and perhaps, some of the unfortunate top men called down as threatened, and *started*, by way of wind up to the whole.

This was Mr. Shroud's mode of carrying on the duty, having not the smallest idea how things could be quickly done, and well done, without an immense deal of *running about* and *noise.* While Rodman, who superintended, on the main deck, thought a word of direction here and there, and as much silence as possible, a much better method—nor did he think, coercion necessary, in moments, where the *esprit de corps* of Jack, was sufficiently awakened, and that he tried to do his best — nor was the captain, of Mr. Shroud's way of thinking—but yielded, as it was impossible to bring about any thing like a medium, with this smart officer—*aut Cæsar aut Nullus.*

CHAPTER XI.

Neptune visits the Apollo in State:—Some account of that august Ceremony and Saturnalia.

AND now did the gallant vessel stagger again, under her press of sail; studding-sails low and aloft; every inch of canvas crowned by "sky scrapers"—and these again were sometimes (when the winds were light) over topped by "*moon rakers*"—and some crack frigates were there, it was said, that contrived "*firmament sweepers.*"—

But *avast*, as Jack says, 'tis surely trifling when such ladies pocket-handkerchiefs are clapped upon the masts—indeed, the trade winds, in which they now were, needed nothing above a royal; flying through the blue seas at the rate of ten knots (miles) an hour; and at times almost twelve—very good going for *royals!*—though the jolly Apollo had been once cracked on with the wind a-beam up to just fifteen knots, or—as Mr. Tugjunk said, who had the log on that occasion (it was in chace) always d——g his eyes before hand; that the fourteenth and half *knot* snapped short in his hand!—while old Weazel growled at being obliged to superintend instanter, the careful measuring out a new line, and putting in all the various marks (knots and *half knots*) "just because people did'nt know how to do nothing—sticking in the bridle peg so hard."

Thus did she plough her way night and day towards the *Line*. Sometimes whole *shoals* of dolphins played round them—displaying in the sun's rays all their varied hues of beautiful colours; as if daring and laughing at the efforts of the seamen; some on the spare bow anchors, others on the bumpkin end, others down on the *martingales*, between the *dolphin strikers*, armed with their *grains* (or harpoons), letting fly among them as they shot athwart, every moment—and not a few displayed their dying glories; as struck, they were turned up by the relentless fangs and hauled in by the line kept fast to the striker's wrist.

But Jack nor thought of, nor saw any other *glory* than this; (after the boatswain had been propitiated,) the captain and officers sent one or two of the finest (to be paid for in good sterling, *rum*) the *glory* of the *pot* or fry—and it is inconceivable under what various disguises, through culinary contrivances, they underwent in the galley—from soup to almost *cinder*. For in the way of cooking, mind you, Jack off deck, and seated before the galley fire, (only give him *stuff to work on*) won't turn his back on the first cooks of the first capitals in Europe!—Where too, it must be confessed they contrive to spoil many of nature's good things, before they have done with them.

Drawing in with the Cape Verd Islands, and the Coast of Africa, it was not long before they verged upon that belt or *line*, which, cutting our earth into two equal parts, seems to know no change, from its vacillation!—Here, under ever burning rays, old Ocean sleeps in almost continuous calms—but briefly disturbed or ruffled by the passing tornadoes. Water spouts, and gusts from the sucked up vapours—let fall, indeed, in such torrents, as can scarce be imagined by the tropical or northern sailor.

In these moments, too, the elements are unusually terrific ; thunder and lightning, and deluges of rain seemed to have usurped the air, and leave no space for presumptuous man!—and yet not so—his petty thunders are too borne in the midst of these, and on the bosom of the deep, to the very limits of the liquid field—and here, where Neptune holds his watry court.—Nor did a soul on board care a straw what latitude they were in—being, indeed, drawing very near to *none at all!*

Hitherto they had had fair weather, and one fine morning, though burning hot, most of the *raw* hands were summoned on deck, on hearing it buzzed about that *they could see the* LINE! *but only with* GLASSES *to be sure, being so devilish far off yet!*

Up came a goodly bevy; but the said *line* could only be seen through two or three glasses—namely, Mr. Shroud's (who was good enough to let them have a look!) and Mr. Billybuffer's — who wished they would not keep bothering him for his glass, as he wanted to examine the said *line* himself. However, this joke was soon found out—not without a world of inquisitive faces; and faces of wonder! and faces of importance! and faces that were ready to laugh!—It consisted then, simply in a piece of thread being put across, between the outer glasses of the telescope! By this notable contrivance, were one half the youngsters gulled—but the fun was not to end here.

Hardly had two bells sounded after breakfast (nine o'clock), the hour when it was calculated the captain was at leisure; when many very gruff countenances were seen going forward as if to see something just a head—others stooped down, putting their hands to their ears as if listening attentively.—But we should observe, that two of the boatswain's mates, headed by the captain of the forecastle, a grey pated old veteran, who had crossed the Line often before, with a select cohort of these *buffers* who were as knowing as themselves, had been, for a day or two before, enormously busy, getting something ready which was kept a profound mystery—and all Hawser could gather, and one or two more who went forward to enquire, was, that there was much oakum, paint, old shirts, and brushes in requisition, and the armourer was seen busy filing an old hoop which he had beat out straight; but as the meetings of these sly rogues were held in the *cable tiers* and *chock* forward in the bows, little transpired to alarm the *inhabitants* of this floating garrison in general—

Not but there were certain hints and allusions to an expected visit from the god of the waters; who always came on board and was (why they knew not) excessively particular in his kind enquiries after all those who had never been admitted to the presence before; and that all such were to undergo certain gentle interrogations and initiations!

No sooner did *Smallnouse* hear these hints, which were conveyed to him by Toby with a look of unfeigned concern, " a fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind!" than suspecting some foul play as well as his *dear friend*—they forthwith knocked their heads together to find out how far they might be obnoxious in their immediate and invaluable persons to this ceremony which they had a sort of misgiving, from certain winks, and smiles, and nods—from the knowing ones—portended no good.

The purser and doctor too, and the marine officers were told to keep a sharp look out, for that, " If his majesty, Neptune, did come on board—they might rely on being very closely questioned, touching their particular qualifications—that is, if ever they had been presented at court; which happened not to be the case. A sort of undefinable dread, like that at being made a free mason, took possession of all the uninitiated, high and low, on deck and off deck, on the morning in question; when it was buzzed about that the *line* was seen, and that the captain was actually *dressing* to receive his briny majesty—who was expected to hail the ship every instant!

Come thou capricious goddess to our aid; thou, who dost plague us when we want thee not!—come thou Mnemosyne! and with thee bring thy children from the Pyërian mount, to paint these faded facts afresh, with their rich glowing colours!—Clio, lead on! and as thou guidest our plume, let thy sweet gentle sister, loveliest of the nine, light up in pleasing fancy's varied hues, thy graver and more solemn tones!—So may not unlucky wight (our reader) *go to sleep*—or feel that dread listlessness, called by mere tired mortals *ennui*—such as might be supposed to weigh down the eyelids of the bold adventurer (if any such could be found on earth) over the pages of

Weazel's *log!*—though doubly embellished and armed in coats of redundant consonants and stern veracity.

"Keep a sharp look out there forward, and get a rope ready for *his Majesty's barge*," cried Mr. Shroud, as rubbing his hands expressive of his internal satisfaction, he paced the deck backwards and forwards, accompanied by all the *gun-room* officers, except the *purser*, *Sly*, who had bolted himself in his cabin, and the "*doctor*," who very sagaciously did the same thing in his, exactly opposite his troubled neighbour.

And here it may be as well to repeat a short dialogue that took place between these two civilians, expressive of their opinions at this critical crisis.

"I say, Bolus," cried the purser in a high key, so as to reach the doctor's ears through both doors—"I say, do you think they'll be a playing any tricks, eh?" "I've heard as much," squeaked out he of the starboard cabin; "Belair whispered me that he thought the captain would not interfere, but let those rascals have their way, and I know d—d well what that is;" "Why what?" returned Sly, his hearing and attention worked up to a

great pitch of accuracy and acuteness;—"What! why these fellows have all sorts of filth, with which they bedaub you, and then half drown you into the bargain; a friend told me, who had passed this cursed spot, that he was ill for two weeks after, and did not get the tar out of his skin and hair for I don't know how long! but by the living jingo, if they come down to me!—I'll——"
"Ah!" said the purser, opening his door gently, out of which he peeped, and listened if he could hear what they were at on deck,—"Ah! my good sir, don't let's shed blood; I have indeed my sword here—but—surely they dare not break open the doors! besides—is there no way of buying 'em off? if I thought a gallon of rum or so—or———"

"*Buy* the devil," cried the alarmed physician, "I'll blow the first fellow's brains out that dares handle me—besides it's contempt—mutiny! flat mutiny!—by G—d! I'll have a court martial—but no, the captain can't suffer such goings on surely!" "Hush! hark!" cried Sly, "I think I hear them hailing!" "Damn their nonsense," returned Bolus,—"very good fun for those that like it, but they shan't come it over me, I can tell 'em.

—I shouldn't mind, for the men dare not touch me; but my mate told me as a secret, that that fellow, Mr. Gay, has got a *posse* of those young scamps to come and seize all the steerage gentlemen, and I shouldn't wonder if they don't come to us, what do you think? hadn't we better both be in one cabin, and so defend each other?"

"Why no," said Sly, "best stay as we are;" for he thought (like some other treacherous allies in the world) he might be able to purchase a separate peace, should the worst come to the worst; besides, he had half a mind to go and stow himself away in the *bread-room*, and would have certainly put this last thought in execution, but that he feared to quit his present retreat, and that he might be stifled below from the heat; and wasn't quite sure that the door of the said premises might be open!

"Well," said Bolus, "I've got my pistols, thank God! let 'em not go too far with their fun, that's all!"

Here the purser cried out once more, "hush—they are certainly hailing!"

"Yes, I hear them, dragging something along!—O yes! they've began their hellish ceremonies." On this, he quickly bolted his door, and betook him to his ruminations, while the doctor fell to cursing and swearing with all his might, by way of chasing away sundry uneasy sensations! in which agreeable pastimes we must leave these worthies, for a few moments, to attend to what was actually going on on deck.

Sly was right; the Apollo had been hailed; and, jumping down the after ladder, the first lieutenant instantly informed the captain with a very demure significant look, asking if he'd come up, or should he answer. To this the captain smiling replied, "O I'll attend to his Majesty;" following close after Shroud up the ladder, and being handed a speaking trumpet, walked forward, where some of the mids, and most of the old seamen of the ship, now assembled, pulled off their hats as he stepped among them, saying, "where is his Majesty? has he hailed again?" Here the cue being given, a stentorian voice was heard somewhere ahead hailing, "ho the ship ahoy!—hollo!—what ship is that?" "The Apollo!" "Who's the captain?" "George Oakheart!" "Have ye got any new hands aboard?" "Yes, a few, may it please your Majesty."

"Well, I'm coming aboard, have a rope ready."

On this, the captain gave orders to help his Majesty up, (who *always comes aboard over the bows*, and being a God, is not ceremonious), returning himself to the quarter deck to receive him in state, as by custom established.

And now a great bustle was seen on the forecastle, and strange amphibious fish appeared, as from the bosom of the vasty deep, though indeed they had only turned out of the galley; and a short delay took place while the car of Neptune (Anglice, a *grating*) was getting ready, and himself and helpmate, Amphitrite, were comfortably seated on a stool thereon—then marshalling before and behind, regulated in strict etiquette by his Majesty's *barber*, who acted as master of the ceremonies, aided by Mr. Trumpeter Triton. This august procession was seen to advance along the starboard gangway, dragged by eight lusty Tritons, for indeed no other Hippocampi had his Majesty, who, be it said, was no other than the before-mentioned captain of the forecastle, whose *oakum* beard, well flowered, descended to his waist;—in his hand he held his trident, supplied from the boatswain's store-room, and which august implement had been with great propriety often usefully employed in killing fish.

The goddess, his spouse, was no other than the midshipman's boy, *Jem*, who indeed was so bepainted, beflowered, and stuck out with dressing gowns and tinsel, that she seemed a very worthy partner for her lord.

Supported on his right hand, marched one of his sons—but whether Polyphemus or Busiris was a moot point—but he proved cruel enough for either, and had but one eye! This terrific personage was the most active and fierce of all these gods and demi-gods, and was known at other times as the biggest of the boatswain's mates, under whose paws many had groaned before that day, in good earnest!! All these satellites of the hoary king, as well as himself, were naked as they were born to the waist, their trowsers tucked up close, by way of being as classical in their *costume* as possible! and each was armed with an enormous club, with which they struck the deck in unison as they advanced.

On the left came Neptune's APOTHECARY, dressed in a cocked hat and flowered flowing wig—this part Bolus's loplolly-boy (being the best qualified) had undertaken; *boy* he was none—to his teens, poor fellow, be it spoken, he had seen at least five of them—being good fifty years of age, and had seen some service, under many successions of surgeons. This fellow had a good deal of dry humour about him, and indeed to the *apothecary* and the *barber* fell all the cream of the approaching fun.

Close at the heels of this grotesque figure, who held a bottle in one hand and a certain implement in the other, trod two urchins, his attendants, bearing a bucket filled with—*tar* and a mixture of grease—and other things, 'twas said, *too tedious to mention*—being the *mysterious physic* of the said limb of the faculty. The barber wielded an enormous razor filed in notches, made of an iron hoop, at least a yard long; a tar brush graced the other fist; and for soap he applied to the apothecary aforesaid.

In this order, the car of Neptune approached where the captain stood, who, taking off his hat, made him a profound reverence, hoping his grim Majesty was well, and likewise inquiring into the state of *Ma-*

dame's health, at which he or she grinned with the pleased expression of a *playful ground shark;* and now indeed a general titter ran through all the host of mids, who were much more intent on the grotesque and ludicrous figures before them! and in anticipations of the coming sport, than any thing else.

They all knew by this time that a general *ducking* was to ensue, and that they were to be *shaved;* as though Mr. Neptune wore a beard himself, yet was he excessively cautious of allowing it in others. The only misgivings among the juvenile part of them were on the score of the *quality* of the soap suds and *lather* used by Mr. Barber Triton, which had been mixed under his superintendence, by the apothecary aforesaid, and of which report spoke in rather appalling terms, as not being the most *savoury* in the world!

The usual salutations between his Majesty and the captain being over, the monarch expressed a wish to visit the ship's company, and hold his court on the main deck, where certain examinations were to take place by his good leave, and the different *patients* be submitted to the skill of his physician and barber —for it seems—not to have before been in his Majestys court implied being "*sick*"—and being *sick* implied by the same token, the want of shaving!!

The *cortège* once more advanced, and (as we see them on the stage, by way of displaying their forces)—they took a circuit round the quarter deck, and passing under the "*spanker boom*," filed off two and two down the ladder to the number of at least forty—of the most grim looking personages it was well possible to conceive—they had so bepainted their bodies, and so be-*oakumed* their heads—that like certain savages of Van Dieman's land, or the Chichasaws, or Ossages; they seemed to have left scarcely any thing human in their appearance.

And now being marshalled on the main deck, Mr. Neptune was enthroned in state just behind two *half-butts* full of water; across which was lashed a *capstan bar*, on which the *patients* were to be seated while undergoing their interrogations, as to the state of their healths, their *birth*, *parentage*, and *education!*—all which points were left to the critical acumen of Polythemus, the barber, and the apotherary; while his Majesty and so many of his guards as could be spared, sat, and approved the treatment.

All being thus ready—a strong gang headed by the monstrous son of Neptune in person, scoured the decks fore and aft, and carefully selected all the *sheep* from the *wolves;* driving the sheep below hatches, to be brought up one by one; while the wolves (or those who had been examined in former voyages, being long before well known by certain marks) were armed with buckets, which were instantly filled with salt water over the side—and thus furnished, these executioners formed a long avenue up to the *tubs*, or judgment seats, through which the *patient* was to pass, after his audience—or rather after being *physicked* and *shaved!*

And now began this dire operation!—in which the uproar and confusion, bawling, laughing, cursing, exceeded all powers of description; added to the noise incidental to the splashing of the waters in this aqueous pandemonium, from the discharge of the whole of their buckets over the retiring *patient;* who fought his way half drowned through them.

But it will be but fair to mention the formula of this august examination of the first unhappy wight brought up—who happened to be a strong young tailor from London—his kicking and struggling was held very cheap though he swore he'd be revenged afterwards—and he was seated on the judgment tub over the water, where being forcibly held—the barber and apothecary approached, and with looks of condolence and soft urbanity, were very sorry—but it was evident he had a "*violent fever*," for which the doctor had, he said, a sovereign specific—"What's your name my good man, that I may mention it to his Majesty!" here some of his friends called out "don't answer," but unhappily too late—the unfortunate tailor opened his mouth to say "Joseph Simple, what then?" when the barber who had his brush (dipped in the nauseous mixture we have alluded to) ready in his hand—thrust it suddenly in the unfortunate Simple's teeth, and then lathering his cheeks and face with it, proceeded to shave or rather *scrape* his chin with his *small* razor, which left its passage marked by red streaks on either side, corresponding with the notches!

No sooner was this done, spite of the violent struggles of the enraged son of the shears, than the bar on which he sat suddenly flew from under him, and as suddenly he was plunged (head foremost) backwards under water, and quickly *covered up* with wet *swabs*, which garnished the edges of these *cold baths*, to keep him from catching cold, as the doctor said—and from the which uncomfortable covering he struggled out half drowned, to meet the aforesaid discharges of at least fifty buckets of water!—after which he was free to *chime* in and *serve* the *remainder* in the same way!—but alas the poor tailor was a woeful while extricating his mouth and face from the nauseous intrusion of that vile brush!!

The next in order (but indeed to save time they brought them up two and two) was a stout Yorkshireman who was cunning as the devil, and as he was already up to *not opening* his mouth—only shook his head or nodded to all their kind enquiries—but the doctor said he was "*dumb-foundered*,"—and must have a little of his *extract;* when, the *bottle* before alluded to, (having a strong tube inserted in the cork) was forced into the unhappy patient's mouth—and no sooner had this sweet liquid reached his palate, than he expressed by very unequivocal signs, how extremely unpalatable it was—and trying to spit it out, the officious brush found an entrance, and completed his dismay—indeed the more cautious, was the worse policy; for such was the acute practice of these two, (like two able lawyers) that they never failed by a series of cross questions, to get an *answer* in the end—when they instantly administered a *double dose.*

The captain and the lieutenants, and *Weazel*, who had *unluckily* crossed the line long since, saw most of this from the gangway; occasionally getting a sly bucket of water as if in mistake, all over them—but the weather was hot enough to prevent its being very disagreeable—besides this was no time for a serious face—nor was there, with the exception of those actually *undergoing*, and the purser, doctor, clerk Toby, and Smallnouse, a single grave feature in the whole ship.

We have seen where two of those gentlemen were ensconced; but though Gay with his *gang* had been in search of the other two for some time past, yet had they hid themselves away so snugly and effectually as to seem to bid defiance to the chase.

To account for this, we must go a step backwards, to where Toby held a consultation with the school master.

Now, as Toby thought, with Falstaff, that the better part of valour was discretion; and knew indeed, contrary to the doctor's opinion, that no valour would have served his purpose, (for he pretty well knew from hearsay, what was coming), knowing this, he thought stratagem might do better—and imparted to the quaking Smallnouse, the knowledge of a secret *stow-hole* in the *wings*, behind the cables, where they might be snug till such time as, tired out with looking after them, they might safely make their appearance, and laugh at the rest!—and hither had the pedagogue followed him, on his hands and knees, as fast and as well as he could ; but as Toby likewise foresaw a dreary length of time to wait—he resolved to have a drop of comfort with him : and after rummaging the *liquor-case*, had taken half a bottle of comfort with him, for his own and co-partner in exile's particular consumption.

After groping about among the cables, in the dark, followed by Smallnouse, on all fours, with many ejaculations and ohs! and ahs! they at length arrived at a place of safety, where this worthy pair, seated on their hams, thus communed with each other.

"Here we are my boy, give us your hand, there, one step more—that's it—the devil is in them if they get here." "Ah, but the devil is in them, I'm sorry to say, they'll get any where!" returned the doleful magister—"Well, but" rejoined Toby, "they can't suspect it"--"Can't suspect it! and you in particular—who don't know the stem from the stern—oh dear! its a bad business—but what can they do, after all?"

"Why" quoth Toby, "its a dirty piece of '*lark*' as you could wish! and the stuff that rascally loplollyboy, Plaster, has mixed up, is the most unsavoury compound that was ever thrust in nostril of man! yes, yes, I know pretty well what the ingredients are," at this, Smallnouse made wry faces—"I don't mind, more than another," continued Toby, a bit of lark! you know I don't." "I know it very well," replied Smallnouse, with a groan. "Well," continued the scribe, "alittle water, *outwardly's* all nothing at all; as its devilish hot; here, take a dram, its infernally hot! but to be scraped, and smeared, and mauled: why its no fun, 'dash my wig'—"My wig, you mean," says the other—"*you* have nothing to fear on that head!" "You mean on that head of yours," retorted Toby, "my head has got its own hair yet—but not all the tar nor ——in the bucket can hurt such a thing as that you carry about with you! but come, its a poor heart that never rejoices: put a little of that in your bread-room! (handing him the bottle).

"Bless us," cried Smallnouse, as he was about to present the mouth of the said comforter to his own—"what's that? they're coming! hark!"—at this they both held their breath, and pricked up their ears; and sure enough they did hear sounds, that seemed to bespeak the approach of the enemy——a sort of tally-ho given at the main hatchway by Mr. Tugjunk, with "Below there! hoy! below there! you may soon unkennel those foxes! take a turn round the *cable tier*, if you can't find'em any where else!"

At the said terrific sounds, these unlucky elders looked aghast——and Toby thinking it best to prepare for making all sail, began backing out of his hole, without imparting this retrogade movement to his quiescent companion, (who never suspected it possible, he would leave the bottle behind); and had proceeded with silent celerity, in this crab's and crabbed fashion, towards daylight, when just as he presented his *stern* at the point where he could descend, he was saluted by a hearty smack, and a general "hurrah! here we are! what, old boy! why, we have been looking for ye—they're serving *grog* out, on the main deck, and you out of the way!" "That's queer enough," says another, "come, hand him up, let a poor fellow have his whack!" "I never knew Toby *behind*, *before*," cries a third, "But where's, but where's '*mine ancient*," cried Gay, who, dressed out almost as fantastically as the men, had been appointed to superintend the shaving of the more genteel *patients*.

Toby finding it of no use being sulky; and thinking, that to share our misfortunes, lightens them! pointed significantly towards where he had left his companion in trouble—and darting in, two of the oldsters, each seizing a leg and an arm, dragged Smallnouse out, in spite of an attempt to call them to order, by crying out " Gentlemen, I shan't put up with it, oh !—ah !—take care what you are about! I'll not put up with it—indeed I wont—I'll inform the captain of every particular !"——in the midst of this address, they brought him out, heels foremost; covered all over with dust and dirt, from the cables, (as when some precious mummy is restored to daylight, to bless the anxious antiquaries research !)—with his wig awry—and altogether cutting the most lamentable figure—and now, being placed on his legs, these two stray sheep were escorted to the scene of action.

And many were the jokes cracked on both ; one observing, that the school-master would now get a wash fore and aft, for nothing at all—another that Toby would find the grog, *half and half*; and that the burgoo was excellent.

At length the clerk was seated, and being questioned as to his name, parentage, and education—replied that he was born in London, and that it was no use asking him any more, for he had forgot all the rest—all this time, the bottle was getting replenished with nectar—and the questions were more multiplied, as there only now remained these two and the two in the gun-room—being asked by Gay, (while the barber and apothecary stood ready), whether his god-father had not promised two or three things in his name? he replied, that his god-father was a d——d old rascal, and had no business to promise without performing—"Well" quoth the priest, "he has sent ye two things, at any rate;" at which the bottle was put to his mouth, and a plentiful dose administered, in spite of his kicking and cursing—then came the *ebony* brush over his chops, which in his struggles, was smeared all over the rest of his face; so that when he at last broke loose, under a shower of swabs, and water—he looked admirably fitted for the part of one of the devils in Der Freischütz;—the worst being over, and Toby liking to suffer in company, made up to where the unfortunate Smallnouse was waiting his turn, and clasping him in his arms, conveyed half the tar, &c. to the visage of his friend, who, in consideration of this salute, a good ducking, and his earnest entreaties, saying it would be the death of him, was let off—or rather suffered to escape in the plight he was, which he did with more agility than he was ever seen to skip with before—and now the high priest and his myrmidons went down in force into the gun-room, where that worthy pair of originals had been listening with painful anxiety, to the uproar of voices and waters above.

Gay, to whom, unkenneling the restive, gave the greatest delight, making up to the purser's cabin, called out " Purser Sly! Purser Sly! appear!—for *Atropos* has come to cut thy thread!" "I'll not believe it," says the purser, "and besides, I've not got a skein left!—and I'll be d——d if I come out without the captain's written order:" "Oh, ho! wont you, why then we must make free with your wooden jacket;" then making a sign; half a dozen of the *tritons* advanced with their clubs, and rained such a peal against the door, that the astonished purser beat a parley, and after a number of stipulations, surrendered at discretion; then, taking Gay and the barber aside, as he said to tell them something of the last importance—he spoke a few words that were never heard, but they were not without their *effect*—as will be seen in the sequel.

All this time, the little doctor was vociferating, "Have a care, I've loaded pistols here—let no man presume, on pain of death, to enter my cabin!—it's my castle—and I'll defend it to the last extremity! do you be off Mr. Gay, I shan't come out, so help me G—d, the first person that attempts to touch my person, I'll shoot!"

To all this, the clubs of the tritons replied by six bangs at the door, which seemed to knock the wits out of the besieged hero, and one of the panels being beaten in, he was beheld with a pistol in his hand at the breach; but the thumps only redoubled—and at last, what with knocking and shoving, the whole door gave way, and upset the doctor; who in his fall, fired his pistol, and saluted a certain utensil (which his boy had neglected to empty), with his nose, in his descent, receiving its contents all over his head and shoulders—he was *pinned* in a minute, and *manhandled* on deck, kicking and sprawling and bawling, the whole way, that by all the devils in h—l he'd *do* for some of them yet—and now finding him so restive, and having *fired* too, (though indeed there was no ball in the pistol), they lathered him, and bephysic'd him without mercy—then, after a sudden immersion, they let him go, with the usual quantum of buckets of water: at last, not unlike a drowned rat, he got away, and running aft, breathless with rage and exertion, his face half black, half white; and one flap of his coat torn off in the struggle; in this pickle, he made up to the captain, complaining of the ill usage he had received; and hoped he would not allow such goings on—that he would try them for a mutiny; and that if he, the captain, did'nt support him—he must look to higher authority! so help him G—d! The captain had heard the report of the pistol, and was afraid some mischief had been done, but seeing this pacific end—he soon consoled the little man—by observing, that he himself "had been *soused;* besides," said he, laughing, "you see Belair (whose visage was well betarr'd) submitted with a good grace! come, come—-you made too much resistance —but where's the purser?" at this moment the purser popped his head up the hatchway, dripping wet indeed—but they had laid on the brush kindly—only a small *dab* on his chin—which he assured the doctor was entirely owing to being *civil*, and making no *noise;* to which the doctor, still but half pacified, and frequently looking where the flap of his coat *had been*, answered, with a sneer —"'and yet 'you were going to play the devil before they got about your house'—I knew what your bragging would come to!—I know how you got off so well!—yes, yes!"

Early in the affair, Hawser had been shaved, and as Gay rather liked him, he came off pretty well; but such was the sticky and stinking nature of the said *lather*, that he did not get rid of it for many days after.

The decks were now dried up; most of the ship's company and officers had laughed so much, and exerted themselves so violently, that they were fairly tired out; and when they piped to dinner, at one o'clock, after having changed their clothes for dry ones, all settled down into one universal calm—for the air was unruffled even by the slightest breath of wind—nor was such a thing as a "*cat's paw*" to be seen on all the vast blue glassy expanse of waters round them.

A double allowance of grog was served out, at the captain's expence; as he said, to keep the fellows from catching *cold!* and the mids were sent a dozen of port, with the same charitable intention.

And now being all assembled in their dry things round the festive board, including the youngsters, who were expressly ordered to share the wine on this occasion, many were the jokes bandied about at each other's patchwork and party coloured visages.

Gay, (who, when he was roused on such occasions, had a greater flow of animal spirits than any of them), ran Toby very hard, who, defending his retreat but lamely, took Smallnouse by the hand, crying out, "Old *Shiver the Mizen!* 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the *wine* of York!'"—which apt quotation was eked out with slyly twitching Smallnouse's wig awry, as he conveyed the glass to his lips—and then a roar ensued, from all the jolly dogs round—while some called out, "but I say, *Tickletoby*, it was scurvy of you to back out without your *fidus achates!*" "Aye, indeed!" cried Smallnouse, adjusting his wig, "odds bobs! and left the bottle with me!!" "Well, after that, comes *a horse to be shaved*," rejoined Lackwit—"but I say, what a d—d shame old *Pam* (the master) wasn't overhauled!" "Who!" cries Gay, "I got the engine to bear on him, and almost put his larboard eye out, as the old hunks was grinning on the gangway!"

In such talk did they sit long and happily, till, as the wine and grog mounted *upwards*, they grew all talkers and no hearers, and happy he, who could bawl the loudest. At last, Toby was carried to his hammock quite oblivious, and Smallnouse just contrived to *fetch* the latitude of his nest.

Meantime the officers had their own jokes at the expense of the purser and surgeon; and for once, Weazel, joining the quizzing party, was excessively dull on them, aided by a sly remark now and then from the captain, who that day dined with them by special invitation, as he did, as a matter of course, every Sunday.

Just after quarters, a strange sail was reported—and, in such a wilderness of water, it gave them matter for speculation through the slow watches of the night.

END OF VOL. I.

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